

THE MAGAZINE OF MUSIC.

ἀληθείαν εἰς ἀγάπην.—Speaking the truth in love.

VOL. 13.

JULY, 1896.

No. 7.

Au Courant.

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SOME controversy having arisen over Miss Janotha's recent correction of the usually accepted date of Chopin's birth, that lady has now given the musical world her authority for February 22, 1810. It seems that we owe the new and correct date to the Rev. Father Bielawski, the present curé of Brochow Parish Church in Zelazowa Wola, where Chopin was born. He has looked up the baptismal registers of the church, as well as the civic books of the parish, and finds the date of birth given in both cases as above, while the baptism is set down as April 23, 1810. How the date of birth came to be fixed in March, 1809, it is impossible to conjecture; but now that the matter has been placed beyond doubt, the correction should be recognised. It makes Chopin a year younger at the time of his death than he is hitherto supposed to have been.

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MR. FREDERICK CORDER is a bold man. Not satisfied with pricking the Berlioz bubble, he must needs go and write a book on orchestration, in which he commits the unpardonable heresy of writing the parts for the transposing instruments exactly as they are to sound. Probably this is the first time that such a common-sense method has been adopted, but it is to be hoped that it will now be widely followed. In his preface, Mr. Corder, endeavouring to classify the orchestral resources now most common in England, includes, amongst others, the following :

The String Band, usually amateurs, and mostly consisting of a quantity of indifferent violins, one or two violas and 'cellos and a hired double-bass. The Theatre Band, consisting of from eight to thirty mixed stringed and wind instruments selected on the Darwinian principle, that is, the survival of the strongest. The Full Band (so-called) such as is found at Promenade Concerts and the like. This is only the Theatre Band on a rather larger scale, and is generally ill-balanced and with inferior players for the subordinate instruments.

This, of course, is Mr. Corder's humour. The material in these combinations of his is not so common as to make it a correct statement of the case generally, especially with theatre bands of from fifteen to thirty players. Fortunately Mr. Corder's directions to the student are based upon a more normal condition of things in the orchestra.

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A DR. ALFRED STELZNER, of Dresden, claims to have invented two new stringed instruments, called a violotta and a cellone. The former is intended to cover the gap between

the viola and the 'cello, and thus, according to the inventor, it will have more right than the viola to take the tenor part. The cellone is a sort of extension of the 'cello downwards, preserving the quality of tone of the 'cello rather than that of the contrabass. To make these new instruments better known, two prizes are offered of five hundred marks each for the best quartet and sextet containing parts, in the quartet for the violotta, and in the sextet for both instruments. Communications are to be addressed to Professor Eugen Krantz, Director of the Conservatorium of Dresden. Here is a chance for our composers.

MR. BEATTY KINGSTON demands to know why Germans cannot sing in tune. Without waiting to answer the question, let us have one of the complainant's stories about what he calls "the amazing intolerance of false intonation." It is told of Fricke, a certain bass whom the gods have since taken to themselves.

Once, when Fricke had been called out after some achievements in the way of false intonation, for which nothing short of his instant execution could have fitly atoned, I said to poor Eckert, who was sitting next to me in the stalls, "Why is this man summoned to receive blessings instead of curses; or rather, why is he not led away to prompt but painless death? He has sung every note of his part a quarter-tone flat; is that what your public likes?"—"You mean the good Fricke, my dear? True is it, he sings out of tune a little now and then; but what a fine artist he is—what an accomplished actor—what an excellent man, staunch friend, loyal subject! Do you know that he paints quite beautifully in water-colours, and plays upon half a dozen instruments? A really admirable fellow; that is why he is called out."

At the same time Eckert was very much annoyed. There seems to be no doubt that although the German ear can tolerate a singer who goes a good bit "off the key," as the Americans put it, the Teuton does not like his susceptibility to false intonation to be called in question.

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IN a recent magazine article, Mr. Hugh Scott relates some interesting anecdotes of the Popular Concerts. There was that notable occasion, for instance—and it must have been very long ago, for Sir Julius Benedict was playing the piano-forte—when Dr. Joachim forgot his part and could not for the life of him recollect how to continue his solo. It was a Handel Sonata. Joachim was playing without music, and without the least difficulty until this passage was reached when his memory for the moment completely failed him. Twice he tried to go on, but twice in vain; then at the third

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attempt he got on the rails again and proceeded without further mishap. What cheering there must have been at the close! There is nothing like an accident of this kind to arouse the enthusiasm of your British audience.

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THEN there was that amusing episode in which Piatti, Janothea, and a gentleman unknown were the principal actors. Mendelssohn's "Theme with Variations" for 'cello and piano-forte was the piece on this occasion. Miss Janothea had brought the music with her, but unluckily the violin instead of the 'cello part had been taken. There was nothing for it—the sonata must be abandoned, and Piatti accordingly was conducting his colleague down the steps again. When lo! A miracle! From on high, precipitated as by unseen hands, there descended the very score which was wanted. Of course the gentleman in the balcony was warmly thanked, and the performance completed by the aid of his music.

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THE fees of foreign teachers are always interesting to the musical student. The rule in Paris seems to be from twelve to twenty shillings a lesson, and pupils are expected to take three lessons a week. Marchesi demands £14 a month, and will take no pupil who will not begin with her from the very rudiments of the art. Madame Lagrange and Madame Ziska each have twelve shillings a lesson from professionals, and sixteen shillings from amateurs. Madame Renée Richards charges sixteen shillings a lesson; Spriglia has twenty shillings; and M. Bouhy asks £8 a month. Twenty shillings is a very common charge with the best teachers, but there is no doubt that they make great reductions for daily pupils. American music students swarm in Paris; they spend freely on their lessons, and work with great enthusiasm.

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IF we are to believe their own reports, our more elderly organists must have been very bad boys indeed when young. Sir John Stainer has told us how, as a chorister at St. Paul's, he used to gorge himself with tarts and sweetmeats; and now Dr. Hopkins confesses to a heinous act of pilfering in order to satisfy the palates of himself and his fellow choristers at the Chapel Royal. It was at the coronation of William IV. in Westminster Abbey. The choir had been assigned seats in a gallery erected for the occasion, and after the rehearsal at seven in the morning they tried to kill time until the hour for the service by wandering about the building. The boys, of course, got desperately hungry, and looking up at the sloping gallery where the hats were in full view, one brilliant mind suggested the possibility of there being eatables up there likewise. One boy went up to investigate. His enterprise met with due reward, and presently the packets began to drop down. First came a rather hard dumpling, then a packet of sandwiches, and so on. "We ate everything," says the veteran, "till by the time we came to sing we had no room inside us for a voice." Of course there was a great hue and cry when the visitors returned and found that their lunch had disappeared, but the blame was never really fixed on the boys.

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THE South Wales Musical Festival has been little short of a fiasco. Only £1,000 was taken for the four concerts, and of this sum no less than £600 has to be credited to a performance of *Elijah* by eminent artists. The miscellaneous concert, in which Welsh music and Welsh artists played the

principal part, was the greatest failure of all. The whole of the guarantee fund will therefore have to be called up. It seems tolerably clear that Wales is not yet educated up to the point of supporting a big festival. It swears by its Eisteddfod, and prefers—as it appears—the excitement of prize-winning and competition to the more abstract musical pleasure of a Festival.

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LADY HALLE has now had her much-canvassed testimonial, and a pretty substantial one it is. It seems that the eminent violinist had long been anxious to purchase a certain villa and estate at Azolo, near Treviso, in Northern Italy, and so the estate has not only been secured, but the villa has been furnished as well. There was a great crowd of fashionable nobodies at the presentation. A highly eulogistic address, inscribed on vellum and enclosed in an ivory and silver casket, was presented by the Prince of Wales, who in a brief speech expressed the hope that the recipient would enjoy her sojourn in Italy, and not forget her friends in England. Let us hope that now Lady Hallé will feel easier. Meantime, who is to get up testimonials for deserving musicians who really need them?

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IT has often been rumoured that the celebrated actress, Madame Modjeska, had assisted Paderewski in his early and hard-up-days, but that lady's husband, Count Bozenta, has put the matter right. To a Chicago interviewer he says: "No; the truth of the story is that we, in common with half a dozen others, did persuade Paderewski to give up his professorship at the Conservatoire, and go to study under Leschetizky, but that is all. As for pecuniary aid, it is true that Madame gave a recitation with that end in view, but there were other helpers, although Madame was probably the first to prophesy with great insistence the famous future that lay before the young Pole." Paderewski is at present suffering from the exhaustion of his American tour, and has been unable to appear at the Philharmonic as originally arranged.

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MASSENET has been telling a correspondent of the *Globe* something about his methods of working. "I am reproached," he says, "with composing my scores too quickly, and people are astonished to see me produce an opera every year. But they forget how hard I work. I rise regularly every day at five o'clock in the morning, and do not leave my desk till breakfast, that is to say at noon. Reckon how many hours that makes. Often, after breakfast, when my duty does not call me to the Conservatoire, I return to my study and toil for another four or five hours. A theatrical manager once said to me, 'You attend all the rehearsals, you make every singer go through his part several times, but when do you work?' To which I replied, 'When you are sleeping,' and this is the case. It is, therefore, not surprising that I am able to write an opera in a year, and sometimes less. The truth is, I am very fond of work—that is the secret. I begin to work when I have got my opera in my head. It takes me some time to get it there. Perhaps four or five months. Everything must be in good working order. When all is ready, I take up my pen and set to work rapidly, without the smallest correction being necessary—in fact, I have only to copy what I have in my head." Massenet has nearly completed his new opera, *Sappho*, and has played it over to Madame Calvé. It is, of course, based on Daudet's novel.



Eugene Ysaye.

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DESPITE his youthfulness—he is barely thirty-eight years old—Ysaye is more the bearer of the traditions of past decades than a prodigy of to-day. He stands, says Mr. H. E. Krehbiel in the *Century*, in manner and accomplishment as a link between us and the last great masters of the French school. Vieuxtemps died in 1881, and for some years before that time Ysaye had enjoyed his friendship and artistic guardianship. In Brussels, after studying with his father, and at the Conservatory of Liège, his native town, Ysaye was the pupil of Wieniawski, then at the head of the violin department for a space, while Vieuxtemps was recovering his ability to resume the functions which illness had compelled him to lay down. In 1876 Vieuxtemps heard him at a concert in Antwerp, and persuaded the municipality of Liège and the government of Belgium to grant him a stipend, that he might pursue his studies in Paris. There he was a pupil of Massart, who had been the teacher of Wieniawski. Thus from the beginning, and on all hands, he came under the influence of the French school, which had wrested supremacy from the Italian after the death of Paganini, and was contending with the German, represented by Ferdinand David and Joseph Joachim. Vieuxtemps, his model, carries the line of tradition back to Charles de Bériot, and it is the French school of violin-playing that Ysaye exemplifies, though the style has been modified by the greater breadth and warmer, more romantic feeling which came in through Wieniawski, the full-blooded Pole. In consequence of this modification, Ysaye stands now as leader of the new and rising Belgian school, and as such he has been first professor of violin-playing at the Conservatory of Brussels since 1886, as Vieuxtemps and Wieniawski were before him. When it is added that he is the husband of a wife of rare loveliness; father of several beautiful children; lives happily and luxuriously in Brussels; is an officer of public instruction; and has harvested a full quota of those baubles which are the signs of royal approbation, enough has been told to introduce the man Ysaye to those curious about his personality.

And the artist? His is a potentiality that can be discussed without calling in the aid of makeshift comparison. From first to last a puissant figure; a man of extraordinary physical attributes; a large, sound man; a normal man in appearance, yet singularly engaging because of the expressive mobility of his face, and the freedom from affectation which marks his bearing—he is sanity of body, mind, and soul personified. He sways to and fro while playing, but the movement seems unconscious, and does not disturb the feeling of reposefulness in the spectators which his conscious but modest strength inspires. Like no other player that I can recall, he illustrates the intimacy which exists between a violinist and his instrument—which must exist if we are to be told what violin music is. A wonderful instrument, closer than any but the human

voice to him who excites it to speech, more tightly interknit with his being. Mark how it nestles under his chin, and throbs synchronously with his soul. Not a twitch, not a tension, not a relaxation of the muscles of either hand or arm, acting under the stimulus of emotion, but will speak itself out in the voice of this thing of wood and hair and strings. Almost as involuntarily as the human voice takes changing colour and pitch and dynamic intensity from variations of feeling, does the voice of this marvellous instrument respond to emotional stimuli. Therein lies the mystery of Ysaye's playing, the miracle of his expressive tone. He feels much, and the violin is his vehicle of expression. He sets his bow to the strings; the hairs seem to bite them with human purpose; the tone, as faint as a ghostly whisper, or ringing like a martial shout, fills the room, and is saturated with feeling. There is an answering throb from the listeners; the chords of their hearts are swinging in unison. Cold judgment is bound hand and foot, the critical faculty carried captive. How brilliantly all technical difficulties seem to be overcome! Are they so? A thrust of the bow, and a shower of glittering notes comes bursting from the strings. What was the passage? Alas! come to think of it, we know not. Standing out bright, strong, self-reliant now, anon it is blurred and unrecognisable. It has been suggested, not played; yet so obvious was its musical purpose, so perfectly did it fit into the symmetry of the whole, that we failed to notice its imperfections. Our mind is upon only one thing, the music—the music! How it sings and croons, and weeps and wails, and laughs and shouts, for the mere joy of expressing itself! It is the eloquence of romanticism, the spirit through which music came into being, that Ysaye's violin proclaims, whether the composition in hand be a modern piece surcharged with dramatic feeling, or one of those old sonatas of Bach which sound with the fulness of a quartet, breathe a marvellous tenderness, and scintillate in the very gladness of their awakening when Ysaye plays them. Ysaye is a reproductive artist cast in the large mould of Rubinstein, of whom, at the first hearing, he reminded me more than he did of any of his great brother violinists. He came, too, and conquered. He is a popular player in the true sense, and only players such as he and Rubinstein, with great, sympathetic, sensitive souls responsive to every kind of emotion, and prompt and generous in their giving out, can be really popular players. The more perfect one's title as a musician, the nearer will he be to the appreciative heart of the people. Music will cease to be an art at all when it ceases to be a popular art. In its highest import it is that, and nothing else. Its origin was with the people. It grew because the growing people felt the need of a quick vehicle for the expression of their feelings; and the nearer a musical creator or interpreter comes to perfect musical expression, the more surely will he stir the enthusiasm of the people, be they Hottentots or Philharmonic subscribers.




 Musical Life in London.
 

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SARASATE and Ysaye have been the central figures this month. Both are remarkable men who, by their consummate art and through the glowing tones of their violins, play upon the emotions of their hearers until they arouse them to enthusiasm; but the men are essentially different. Sarasate's playing is as the song of birds, the perfume of flowers: with light and graceful abandonment he charms our senses, and carries us away to a land where everything is beautiful, care unknown, and life lies all harmonious—its sovereign Love alone. Ysaye touches a higher and deeper note. As we listen he unfolds, as with a seraph's wand, life's strivings, mysteries, passions, loves; and then leads us forth purified and chastened, our souls one sea of light, to a calmer atmosphere, where "we sit above it all, and are alone with the stars." The programmes performed at the recitals were characteristic. At Ysaye's first concert he gave Beethoven's and Mendelssohn's violin concertos; at the second, Grieg's second violin sonata in G minor, a Vieuxtemps concerto, and Bach's "Chaconne"; Wagner's "Preislied" and Sarasate's "Zigeunerweissen," exquisitely accompanied by Mr. H. J. Wood; and at his last recital, Faure's Sonata in A, Saint Saën's third violin concerto, Bach's G minor Prelude and Fugue—a marvellous performance; Wagner-Wilhelmj (*Parsifal*), paraphrase for violin; and Liszt-Joachim, Hungarian Rhapsody—in this last he changed his violin in the middle of the work owing to a string breaking. At the second and last recitals Ysaye had the valuable assistance and co-operation of M. Théophile Ysaye as pianist, and Madame Lebrun and Miss Mabel MacDougall as vocalists. I give with this issue a drawing on India proof paper of the great violinist.

At Sarasate's first recital at St. James's Hall, Bach's first violin sonata, Raff's second sonata for violin and piano, a couple of pieces by Wieniawski, and some by the violinist himself, announced or given as encores, made up the programme as far as he was concerned. His pianist was Dr. Otto Neitzel, who, in addition to playing the accompaniments and concerted piano parts, gave as his solos Chopin's Nocturne in G major and a ballad by Liszt with feeling and intelligence. Sarasate's idea of giving the first three of Bach's sonatas in order at his three recitals was a happy one. The B minor was played at the opening concert with that wonderful purity of tone and unerring execution which enabled him to perform the most difficult passages with apparently the greatest lightness and ease. The programme of his second concert was as follows:—

Second Sonata, in A Major, for Violin and Pianoforte	Bach.
First Suite in A, op. 11, for Violin and Pianoforte	Goldmarck.
Solo Violin "Zigeunerweissen"	... Sarasate.
Solo Pianoforte "Carnaval," op. 9 (Scènes mignonnes)	... Schumann.	
Solo Violin "Sérénade Andalouse"	... Sarasate.

In the second Bach sonata Sarasate showed his perfection of technical skill. Goldmarck's tedious suite was exquisite in point of finish, and flawless as regards execution; but the music of this composition is often commonplace and trivial. Some parts are pretty and graceful, but it is not a great work; and though the performance compelled admiration, it did not arouse the enthusiasm evoked by Sarasate's wonderful exhibi-

tion of delicate technique in his "Zigeunerweissen." At the time of writing the third and last recital had not taken place. I therefore give without comment the programme that will be performed on the afternoon of June 20:

Third Sonata in E Major, for Violin and Pianoforte	Bach.
Second Sonata, for Violin and Pianoforte	Saint-Saëns.
First performed on June 2, by the Author and Sarasate, at the Salle Pleyel, in Paris.		
(First performance in England.)		
Solo Violin...	"Concertstück," in A Major, op. 20	... Saint-Saëns.
Solo Pianoforte	{ (a) "II. Ballade"	... Chopin.
Solo Violin...	{ (b) "Les Patineurs"	... Meyerbeer-Liszt.
Solo Violin...	"Viva Sevilla!"	... Sarasate.

MOTTL AND RICHTER.

There was a great assemblage at the Queen's Hall at the Wagner Festival Concert on June 11. The programme consisted of four excerpts from the *Nibelung's Ring*, which were given in German, the principal artists being Frau Ida Doxat, Frau Mottl, Fräulein Gelber, Madame Agnes Janson, Herr Emil Gerhäuser, and Herr Bussart.

The selections given were the "Schmiedlieder," from *Siegfried*; the closing scene from the same work; the opening scene, with chorus, from *Gotterdämmerung*, and the finale from this last section of the tetralogy. There was more of declamation than vocalization in the efforts of the leading performers; but too much praise cannot be given to Mottl and his orchestra for the rendering of the music, and there were beautiful moments in the concert; for Wagner's wonderful and exquisite music may always be heard with delight. Yet, this being allowed, it was as a whole dull. Wagner wrote these scenes for the stage, and not for the concert room, and as I remarked last month, it is questionable if such performances are artistically desirable.

Richter wound up his short summer season at the St. James's Hall with an admirable concert, on the previous Monday evening, June 8. The programme included such favourite works as the Good Friday music, from *Parsifal*; the Prelude and "Liebestod," from *Tristan and Isolde*; the "Walkürenritt," and Beethoven's C Minor Symphony. A masterful rendering was given in each case, especially, perhaps, in the selection first named, where Wagner, following his instincts as an artist, uncovers and makes us to see some of the hidden glories of his art. Two quasi-novelties figured on the programme—Tschaikowsky's Overture to *Romeo and Juliet*, and Dvorak's Overture to *Otello*. The first of these, which was heard at the Crystal Palace some years ago, is a vivid tone-picture glowing with colour, elaborately scored, fascinating through the originality of its harmonic treatment and the poetic charm of its themes. Dvorak's overture is a vigorous and striking composition, although scarcely as attractive as Tschaikowsky's. One passage is too obviously suggestive of the "Feuerzauber," from the *Walküre*. There is much in the overture, though, that calls for admiration. At the close of the concert the crowded and enthusiastic audience cheered the great conductor heartily. Richter's stay has been all too brief, owing to his engagements at Bayreuth. The performances there will be duly chronicled by Mr. S. Fraser Harris, who will attend as the representative of the MAGAZINE OF MUSIC.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Concerts have succeeded one another in rapid and apparently exhaustless succession during the past month. It was stated that during *one* week recently no less than fifty-five concerts were given in the metropolis. That it is an impossibility to more than briefly notice the best of this extraordinary number is evident. Primary attention must, as a matter of course, always be demanded for and given to those which in any way represent the *new*, whether it be a novelty in composition or the first appearance of an unknown artist. I dropped casually into St. James's Hall to hear the efforts of some professional students of the London Academy, who gave a concert with their own orchestra. I did not stop, as out of seventeen numbers sixteen were of the kind best described as chestnuts. It might be thought that from our academies at least—whose object is not primarily to make a profit on their concerts—we might expect a fair proportion of unhackneyed compositions in their programmes, but that such is not the opinion held by those who are responsible for these concerts is amply demonstrated by the concert under notice.

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I attended Miss Theresa Blamy's concert given in the Queen's small hall with the assistance of several well-known artists. A purely miscellaneous concert, most of the selections consisting of indifferent compositions, it does not call for detailed remark. Miss Blamy was heard in that bit of Rossinian twaddle *Bel Raggio*. Not even a Patti in her palmy days would make it interesting to me, and Miss Blamy did not succeed where a Patti would fail. A prodigy pianist enlivened (?) the proceedings by making a pitiful hash of a Bach composition, after which I left, not even Sinding's Suite in A (first time in England) could induce me to sit out the intervening numbers.

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Next evening Miss Clinton Fynes gave a concert in the Portman Rooms, in connection with the Portman Academy of Music, when she conducted some orchestra selections with great apparent enjoyment to herself, and introduced another of those fashionable bores—a prodigy. This time it was a little Miss Gracie Humphery, aged six, a truly portentous age, and whom, of course, I adored until she touched the keys, and then—! The utterly brainless exhibition of striking notes on the piano and making the child name them duly impressed the ignorant and unthinking, though how it will affect her performances, the programme forgot to state. The one feature of the concert was the violin-playing of Mr. Bernhard Carrodus, who, if he could be persuaded to devote his energies in the direction of finish, might take a position amongst the very foremost artists of the day.

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A concert, in aid of the funds of the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, held in St. James's Hall, was chiefly remarkable for the overweening preponderance of a Mr. F. D'Erlanger, as a composer of songs, etc. They (the compositions) are of the pretty common-place description, savouring, somewhat, of a Birmingham factory for trinkets. Miss Ada Crossley's and Mr. Bispham's efforts gave me most pleasure. Mr. Mark Hambourg gave a somewhat slovenly rendering of a commonplace concert-study by D'Erlanger, for which he made amends by playing Rubinstein's Staccato Étude. Mr. Lemmone, whose tone is remarkable, contributed a couple of flute solos.

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The following afternoon another "function" of the same description as the preceding was given in the same hall, by Mdlle. Landi—a concert of the fashionably strong but musically weak order. Chaminade, Wolff, Hollmann, and Tosti, and a Mons. A. Byard, each and all assisted. Mdlle. Chaminade duly measured off a few more yards of her compositions for the delectation of her audience, a song, "Captive Love," being sung by M. Byard, and the lady herself meandering in her harmless fashion through a couple or so of her own equally harmless piano pieces. Of course one cannot take her seriously. Mr. Wolff, who is always interesting, even at a fashionable concert, gave a couple of violin solos, while Mdlle. Landi, who is a fascinating singer in a certain class of music, gave Bizet's coquettish "Habanera" with great effect, and some songs by Tosti, beautifully accompanied by the composer.

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A treat after all this fashionable shallowness was the first concert of the Kneisel Quartette from Boston. This organization—the leading chamber music association in the States—has been in existence for twelve years, and has thoroughly mastered the problem of unanimity in attack, etc. Their ensemble is remarkably good; though their tone is somewhat lacking in colour variety, and their performances are more remarkable for surety and carefulness than for glow or enthusiasm. The quartettes given at the first concert were Sgambati's in C minor, op. 17—a very complicated work, showing considerable traces of Liszt's influence; and wanting in thematic creativeness, especially in the finale allegro. The second movement, a short prestissimo, was rhythmically interesting and novel. Beethoven's quartette in G op. 18 is a work of the first period, and was played with the necessary precision and clearness. Schumann's lovely work of the same description, op. 40 in A major, is of course musically a far greater work than either of the preceding, and brought the concert to a noble conclusion.

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June 16 brought a recital by a to me unknown pianist, Mr. Albert Lockwood. He at present partakes too much of the student to be altogether satisfactory, though he will probably become a fine artist with further discipline. Much of his playing was good, but much was bad, very bad. Thus the Schubert-Tausig Military March seemed to suffer from rickets, the variations of tempo being ruinous. The gradual crescendo from piano to fortissimo was not even faintly indicated, while the ritardando, introduced in the third and fourth bars, had a most ridiculous effect, besides completely spoiling the swing of the piece. Again in Isolde's Liebestod, parts of which were as well played as anything, the whole climax was lost when the pianist was satisfied to substitute and play a mere tremolo on the bass of the instrument as a support for the most passionate phrase. The rarely-heard 15th Rhapsody completed the programme. That this pianist has great talent and powers of expression I do not doubt; indeed, the playing of the last few bars of Chopin's D flat prelude were enough to prove the latter point, but his playing is lacking in subtlety and musical distinction, and he has an unpleasant habit of using the left pedal without sufficiently modulating his tone, and the result sounds as if a sheet of paper had been placed between the strings and hammers. Against this may be placed a tone of phenomenal fulness and richness which, even in the most prodigious fortissimo never results in harshness, and a technique upon which anything can be built with success.

→ The Impressionist. ←

ASOLUTELY one of the dreariest piano recitals it has been my unfortunate lot to attend for quite a considerable period, was that of Herr Fritz Masbach, given on the 1st inst. It will be remembered that I had occasion to praise his reading of Saint Saén's G minor Concerto last month; but after listening to the programme with which he favoured his audience at this recital, I am forced to the conclusion that his performance of the Saint Saén's partakes more or less of the fluke.

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To commence with, Herr Masbach possesses no sense of the dramatic, and his playing lacks variety and interest, consequently his reading of Beethoven's Funeral March sonata was without colour, life, or distinction. That there was a certain degree of expression about his playing is true, but it was the expression of the purest sentimentality.

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For the rest, a programme of the most stereotypically conventional type, a good, but not in any way exceptional technique, little or no originality, passion, or intellectual depth, and we have another example of mediocre playing by a pianist who only helps to swell the crowd of undistinguished who flock here season after season from abroad. We do not want such.

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How easy it will be for D'Albert to satisfy the Germans—I had almost written “his countrymen”—as to our musical position on his return to the “Vaterland”! It is merely a question of £ s. d. His playing at the remaining two recitals of the series of five showed him in no new light. The Beethoven sonatas op. 109 and 110 were musical and rather dignified, and the Herculean Handel-Brahms variations (several numbers of which were omitted—for which relief many thanks) were played with an astonishing strength of finger and power of endurance. Liszt's lovely and poetic sonata in B minor gained somewhat perhaps by very contrast in following immediately this set of musical puzzles; moreover it was played with a passion and musical intelligence I have never heard brought to bear on this rarely played composition with its haunting and often recurring subject, with its reiterated note. Chopin's Impromptu, op. 36, and Ballade, op. 47, both only fairly well given, and the Strauss-Tausig Nachtfalter-Walzer, the first of the series of Strauss-Tausig arrangements, completed the scheme.

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At the last recital Beethoven's elephantine sonata op. 106, with its interminable and uninteresting fugue. The first movement and the scherzo were the most finely performed, though parts of the very lengthy adagio were equally well given. The final fugue was taken at a rate which, with D'Albert's want of technical finish, so obscured its performance that one often could not say if right or wrong notes were played.

Two sonatas of Scarlatti—modern version—Raff's somewhat vulgar and tawdry variations from the D minor suite, op. 91, Schumann's sonata, op. 22, G minor—not one of his most interesting compositions, and Weber's played-out Momento Capriccioso, completed the scheme, with Rubinstein's little Barcarolle in thirds, and Liszt's Bravura Polonaise in E. For

encores Liszt's Valse Impromptu and the Strauss-Tausig “Man lebt nur einmal.”

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It may be interesting to note that D'Albert has not introduced a single composition from his own pen, though he might have done so with advantage to his programmes—especially this refers to his recent sonata—nor has he deviated in the smallest degree from the *too well beaten track* of compositions favoured by every Tom, Dick and Harry—or to put it more truthfully, every Carl, Franz and Josef—that gives a recital. If Herr D'Albert should descend to this “barbarous land of fogs” during the—say—next fourteen years, he might note these little points. In the meanwhile all we can do is to wait and hope in all humility for that happy time.

* * * *

En passant I ran, at one of the last recitals, across Miss Reynolds, the young English pianist, who contributed much music to the MAGAZINE OF MUSIC some time since. She tells me she intends performing in one of our concert halls during the coming winter, of which more anon.

* * * *

A thing that amused me much, and which is scarcely creditable to a respectable music firm located in a most prominent part of Regent Street, is to find a series of very excellent caricatures of that imitable *poseur* Edward Strauss exposed for sale as representing Richard Strauss. The latter is a serious musician, and one of the cleverest and strongest of the younger school of composers, a fact that cannot be gainsaid whether one cares for his compositions or not. The other Edward is a musical *farceur*, an attitudinist of the first degree.

* * * *

By the way, I believe there is no truth that the latest Parisian sensation, a pianoforte-playing monkey, has been engaged to give a pianoforte recital in St. James's Hall at an early date, though he would be an undoubted draw to a certain class of concert-goers. Of course, being quadrumanous, he performs pianoforte duets, and can turn the pages with his tail.

* * * *

A more depressing concert than M. Slivinski's piano recital in the Queen's large Hall, can scarcely be desired even by a musical Mark Tapley. A typical June day, and an audience of a couple of hundreds in a hall intended for that number of thousands—this with a programme in which only Liszt's arrangement of Schubert's wonderful “Lindenbaum” had even the savour of novelty, was most decidedly depressing. Slivinski, it is true, is not particularly inspiring; he plays with a certain amount of feeling, but without passion. He is sympathetic, but never tender; his mastery of the keyboard is complete and absolute, but lacks imagination. His greatest defect is, however, the hardness of his touch in forte and fortissimo passages. This hardness, which is to be observed in so many of the Leschetizky pupils, is really the one serious defect in this otherwise fine artist. Very few pianists are possessed of that exquisite feeling for beauty of tone, which goes so far to make Paderewski the extraordinary artist that he is. There is

many a pianist who can play with an equal expression or with as fine an intellectual fervour and passion, but there are few who can reproduce that wonderfully glowing and golden tone of the great Polish pianist.

* * * *

Your ordinary pianist, while he often can and does produce a pure tone in piano or mezzo-piano passages—albeit, without that wonderful Paderewskian *sheen*—is rarely capable of giving a fortissimo with any body in its tones. It is often this that marks the point of failure in so many otherwise acceptable pianists. They substitute grey for gold, and with such a colour to work with, the reproduction of a glowing passion, even when felt, becomes an impossible quantity. This is precisely where Slivinski fails as others, such as Hutcheson and Dawson, fail with him. It is this warmth of tone, sap, gentle human perspiration, call it what you will, which goes so far to call to life and warmth the cold printed notes. Lack it, and you lack the breath that gives life.

* * * *

Here are some pretty lines which may please those in search of suitable words to set to music. Application can be made through the editor. I may add that the writer is *not* the Poet Laureate.

Lullaby.

Softly, rippling, flows the stream,
Sweetly warbling on its way,
Melodies to fill thy dream :
Then sleep, my baby, sleep.

Gently roves the whispering wind,
Rustling through the autumn leaves :
Breathing, murmur'ring blessings kind :
Then sleep, my dear one, sleep.

Nature's voices softly sing
To lull my babe to sweet repose ;
Peaceful rest to thee they bring :
Then sleep, my darling, sleep.

—Sterne Austin.

* * * *

A concert that created a great impression on my mind was that of a—to me—entirely unknown violinist, Louis Pecskai by name. Perhaps the unusualness of the surrounding incidents had somewhat to do with the forming of such a deep impression upon my mind, on which point I shall probably have more to say next month, after further acquaintance with the violinist's powers. After the last D'Albert recital I had rushed down to Liverpool Street to witness the departure of a friend of mine, a young Australian composer, upon whom I believe Australia will in the not far distant future place many hopes.

It was one of those wretched and somewhat raw and foggy June evenings with which we are sometimes cursed, and a misty, damp pall seemed to hang over everything, making one supremely uncomfortable, and I arrived in St. James's Hall at the sag end of the concert. I had expected to hear the two Polish artists, Miss Szumowska, Paderewski's only recognised pupil, and Adamowski, a 'cellist for sometime resident in Boston, in place of which a programme was given me for two performers I had never even heard of.

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The hall was a fifth part full, and the depressing dampness seemed to have followed one into the hall, with its bare platform framed with rows of empty seats, making it even more sombre than it usually is at a sparsely attended concert, which

is saying much. In the midst of my mystification at the change of programme came an apparition in the form of a young man with his nether limbs clad in knee breeches ! and his hair falling on to his shoulders and cut à la Liszt ; a handsome countenance and a most attractive outward personality. I listened to his very deliberate performance of a largo by Dombay with an interest that increased in a prodigious crescendo fashion, and after the performance of a "Pasquinade," by Tirindelli, and more especially Jeno Hubay's "Scènes de la Czardas," I was ready to swear that the performer would become one of the greatest artists of his time.

* * * *

The performance of the "Czardas" scenes especially seemed to display in an extraordinary manner that very rare quality—imagination. It seems to me that I have heard the composer play this work himself, though I cannot definitely recall the location or any distinct impressions of it. In any case, M. Pecskai's performance created an indelible and ineffaceable impression by the wonderful spontaneity and life he infused into it. The piece itself is a kind of Lisztian rhapsody for the violin, and is loaded with Hungarian figures.

* * * *

Since writing the above I attended another concert of this series, and my impressions were fully confirmed. The fame of this young artist is evidently spreading. There was a fairly full house, and much resultant enthusiasm. A performance of Beethoven's "Kreutzer Sonata," for which I did not in the least care, and in which many of the passages ascending to the higher positions were very much out of tune. Afterward this young fiddle-god had the daring to attack the Ernst concerto, that almost impossible work, which the composer himself sometimes failed to master technically, and in which he displayed a tone that was really phenomenal, and for a final piece the much-played Vieuxtemps Ballade and Polonaise.

* * * *

The 'cellist, M. Marix Loevensohn, who contributed a concerto by Lindner, and pieces by Servais Popper, is possessed of a large and pure but somewhat monotonous tone, for which perhaps the instrument is in a degree responsible. He plays with considerable finish and well in tune, but his performances lack life and variety, and he was sadly hampered in the Lindner concerto by the want of a rehearsal. It is a mistake to put up a modern concerto, and trust to an accompanist reading the piano part à *prima vista*. In the majority of the pianoforte accompaniments Signor Ducci was fairly satisfactory, but he indulges in such frequent mannerisms that the results often affect the risible faculties very strongly. His prancings are really often very comical.

* * * *

Here is a good description of piano-playing according to a celestial :—

"The Europeans keep a large four-legged beast which they make sing at will. A man, or more frequently a woman or a feeble girl, sits down in front of the animal and steps on its tail, at the same time striking its teeth with his or her fingers, when the creature begins to sing. The singing, though much louder than a bird's, is pleasant to listen to. The beast does not bite, nor does it move, though it is not tied up."

* * * *

The latest definition of Part-your-hair-ski, by our American cousins is "The lemon-haired god!" Good!

Song: "Angels of Love."

— : o : —

THE western skies had faded,
Where once bright beams had birth,
And my heart seemed only sadness,
Drear as the darkning earth;
Wond'ring if pitying angels
Cared for sad souls like mine,
My spirit soared far in dreamland,
Away 'neath the pure starshine.

I heard a sound of music,
Tears in the sad sweet strain,
Floating from angels' voices
Over a battle plain,
Soothing the stricken sufferers
Longing for death's release,

It died in a tender whisper,
Breathing of rest and peace.

Then I heard a mighty chorus
Of angels with harps of gold,
Exultant with glad Hosannas,
As Heav'n's bright gate unrolled:
Souls from their pains released
To Jesus, the angels bore,
While the sounds of their wondrous singing
Re-echoed from shore to shore—
"Glory to God in the highest,
For ever and evermore!"

G HUBI-NEWCOMBE,
PENKETH, WARRINGTON.

Madame Schumann.

— : o : —

A GREAT artist, of the old school possibly, but still a great artist, has been taken from the world of music by the death of Madame Schumann. She was in her seventy-sixth year, and had been in failing health for some time, so that the end could not be called unexpected. With her removal another of the links which bind the present to the historic past has been snapped. Madame Schumann as a child might have seen Beethoven, and sported with "that sweetest of all grown-up children," Franz Schubert. With the immediate successors of these famous artists she was in personal contact and communion, and she lived through "the twilight of the gods" into the comparative night of our time. Mendelssohn, of course, she knew and greatly loved. "My recollections of his playing," she told Sir George Grove, "are among the most delightful things in my artistic life. It was to me a shining ideal, full of genius and life united with technical perfection. He would sometimes take the *tempo* very quick, but never to the prejudice of the music. It never occurred to me to compare him with *virtuosi*. Of mere effects of performance he knew nothing; he was always the great musician, and in hearing him one forgot the player and only revelled in the full enjoyment of the music. He could carry one with him in the most incredible manner, and his playing was always stamped with beauty and nobility. In his early days he had acquired perfection of technique; but latterly, as he often told me, he hardly ever practised, and yet he surpassed every one. I have heard him in Bach and Beethoven, and in his own compositions, and shall never forget the impression he made upon me." Madame Schumann was full of such reminiscences of the great musicians.

The deceased artist, as everybody knows, was a daughter of the eminent pianoforte teacher, Frederick Wieck. Wieck's name has somewhat faded out of the musical memory—though he died as late as 1873—but during his long professional career of sixty years he had some of the best artists of his time under his care. Bülow wrote to him in 1863: "Never in thought or word have I forgotten or denied—and herein will

the future continue to reflect the past—what I owe to you, highly revered master. You it was who first laid a firm foundation, teaching my ear to hear, and impressing my hand with rules according to law, with logical order; who raised up my talent from the twilight of unconsciousness to the clear light of consciousness." It was, however, especially with his own daughters that Wieck's method gave the most splendid proofs of its usefulness. Clara, at the age of ten, was already so thoroughly trained that she performed not only at the Gewandhaus, but also in the leading Continental cities, in every case with the highest success. Mr. Kuhe, in his recently published reminiscences, says he remembers her coming to Prague in 1836. "Her beauty won universal admiration, while her playing took the city by storm. Wonderful indeed was the poetic feeling which she drew from the notes as she played in her own peerless style the masterpieces of classic genius." In the "Life of Moscheles" there are several references to the "little Clara." The following refers to the year 1834. "I visited the Wiecks, and Clara played to me a good deal, amongst other things, a manuscript sonata by Schumann—very laboured, difficult, and somewhat intricate, although interesting music. Her playing was admirable, and void of all affectation. In the evening I was again at the Wiecks to meet Schumann, who is a retiring but interesting young man. Again I made Clara play to me, and again she distinguished herself." Here is another reference: "We were invited to the Wiecks to meet Schumann and others. Clara Wieck played in Beethoven's great trio superbly. Bach's concerto for three pianos, performed by her, Felix [i.e., Mendelssohn], and myself, was very interesting."

Every student of Schumann's history is aware of the romantic courtship of Clara Wieck, the long engagement, and finally, in 1840, their marriage. Wieck at first objected to the marriage, and the lovers resolved to wait, hoping that the obdurate parent would give way. Two years went by, finding the old man still an obstacle; and then as a last resource Schumann called in the aid of the law—for in Germany if you

refuse to let your daughter marry you can be forced to explain your reason. The case dragged on for a whole year, but at length the Courts decided that Wieck's objections were trivial, and the marriage was celebrated in 1840. A more satisfactory union has seldom taken place. The pair lived for one another and for their children, of whom there were eight. He created and wrote for his wife and in accordance with her temperament, while she looked upon it as her highest privilege to make his works known to the world. The union thus rested on a common intellectual interest as well as sympathy, and therefore it was a happy union. The secret of the disillusion in so many marriages is the lack of just this: there is not that uniting of intellect that is the absolute necessity of a perfect marriage. A perfect marriage to many means a common opinion on every subject. It is not this: a perfect marriage means a dominant power in each that the other respects and appreciates. Schumann never hesitated to criticise his wife's compositions and her playing; and it was this power of impersonality that made the two what they were to each other. Every human being of intelligence appreciates and profits by discriminating criticism. "When you are at the piano you are not yourself to me," writes Schumann the lover to Clara Wieck; "my judgment is absolutely independent." Did it lessen the value of this sentence written later? "There is yet much in me; if you remain faithful to me, all will come to the light; if not, all will remain buried." That the woman who did so much to make the world appreciate the genius of the man she loved wrote frankly of the difficulties in his way, this extract from one of Schumann's letters to her shows: "You fear that few will appreciate my works. Be reassured, dear Clara, you will see during your life that my work will be known and spoken of." And the prophecy, with her help, has been fulfilled.

The epoch of Madame Schumann's lasting success—the establishment of a great name distinguishing her from the crowd of pianoforte players—dates from the time of her betrothal in 1837, though, as already indicated, she had attracted considerable notice before her marriage. She excelled at first as an interpreter of Beethoven; but later on, as Dr. Riemann tells us, she added to her *répertoire* especially Chopin's compositions and her husband's; and of the latter she was, naturally, the interpreter *par excellence*. Her style was marked by high intellectuality, an utter absence of mere vulgar display, and an unvarying respect for the composer's intentions.

Madame Schumann first came to London in 1856, when she played at the Philharmonic, her solos being Beethoven's Concerto in E flat, and Mendelssohn's "Variations Sérieuses." Horrible stories, says a writer, are told of the opposition which she met with, and the late Mr. James Davison, who was not only musical critic of *The Times*, but also the husband of Madame Arabella Goddard—a pianist who at one time enjoyed some vogue in this country—has been accused of unenviable intrigues and even crooked courses in order to keep Madame Schumann in the background. As to that we say nothing in the absence of definite evidence. Madame Schumann's final appearance in London was in March, 1888. For many years she had been the great star at the Popular Concerts. From a pecuniary point of view indeed she was in those days the biggest "draw" in the musical world. People thought nothing of waiting for hours at St. James's Hall in the east wind in order to get front places on the shilling orchestra,

while stalls frequently sold at a high premium. After the tragic death of her husband, whom she tended to the last, Madame Schumann lived for some years with her children in Berlin, at the house of her mother, but in 1863 she settled at Wiesbaden. She was forced to resume the career of a public player in order to support her family. From 1878 to 1892 she was active as a teacher of the pianoforte at Dr. Hoch's Conservatorium at Frankfort. In this capacity she was eminently successful. Amongst her foremost pupils it is pleasant to be able to name two of English nationality—Miss Fanny Davies and Mr. Leonard Borwick. The former of these has paid her the following warm tribute:

The crowning event of my student life was experienced in 1883, when, going to Frankfort, I became a scholar of Madame Schumann there. To her all my gratitude is due. She helped me, encouraged me, enlightened me; in fact, bestowed upon me that most blessed of virtues—perseverance. Without her guiding and invigorating influence, study might have proved itself to be a toil; as it was, the learning of the science of music was rendered a labour of love by reason of the tender maternal hand which led my erring fingers to the key-note of all music's principles. Madame Schumann possesses one of the sweetest natures I have ever known; her gentle patience and unwavering solicitude were only excelled by her genial, tranquil charm of manner, exhibiting the reflection of a pure soul, and at the same time a cheerfulness which belongs only to her. I made rapid progress under her tuition, and learnt all that has been of boundless value to me in after years.

Mademoiselle Eibenschütz is also to be named amongst the pupils of the same teacher. Really worthy disciples of a revered mistress, these three artists interpret with consummate skill the noblest compositions of the best masters, and may be expected to hand on the traditions which they have been thus fortunate to acquire. Madame Schumann, it should be added, was well schooled in the art of composition. She published a number of creditable works, among which are the following: Songs (Op. 12 [12 poems by Rückert, set to music by Robert and Clara Schumann; Nos. 2, 4, 11, by the latter], Op. 13 and Op. 23); a pianoforte concerto (Op. 7); a trio (Op. 17); 3 violin romances (Op. 22); preludes and fugues (Op. 16); variations on a theme by Robert Schumann (Op. 20). She also revised a complete edition of the works of Schumann, and published the composer's early letters, etc.

It is not perhaps generally known, says a writer in a contemporary, that there is a strong London Schumann coterie. The popularity of Miss Fanny Davies, Mr. Leonard Borwick, Miss Ilona Eibenschütz, Miss Matilda Verne, and others of the Schumann pupils made the advent of Miss Eugenie Schumann in London about four years ago of special interest. Miss Schumann almost immediately gathered round her a group of clever pupils, who appreciate greatly her wonderful power of teaching, and they all sympathized with her when she had abruptly to leave them at the end of March, when her mother was first taken ill. At the beginning of May she was back again at her work, her mother being much better, but on May 15th she hurried home again to find her gradually sinking. The news soon reached London that had she delayed longer she would have been too late. A more than ordinarily close tie of love seems to have existed between Madame Schumann and her family. Miss Schumann frequently mentioned her mother to her pupils, and rather than obtrude her own ideas upon any phrase or interpretation, would simply say, "My mother would have wished it thus."

"ARE MUSICAL EXAMINATIONS, AS WE HAVE THEM NOW, BENEFICIAL, OR OTHERWISE?"

MRS. CLARINDA A. WEBSTER, MR. WALTER MACFARREN, DR. E. W. TAYLOR, DR. W. E. THOMAS,
DR. F. J. KARN, AND MR. T. E. SPINNEY.

Mrs. Webster thinks, in the present state of musical education, Examinations are desirable.

Your question embraces so much I almost hesitate to touch it. A few years ago I should unhesitatingly have answered, "They are beneficial."

Then when I noted the many pupils who made the examinations the "be all and end all" of their musical career to the arrest and occasional cessation of their progress; when I noted the class of candidates most successful in these examinations, the merits of the truest musicians amongst them being frequently overlooked by the examiners, who could not probe beyond their sensitive shyness, I have felt inclined to say, "Examinations were far other than beneficial."

Since I have come to London my sympathies are once again on the side of examinations. Proportionate to the numbers learning music in London, those who take examinations form a much smaller percentage than in the provinces; and in no provincial place have I ever come across such deplorably bad teaching as some I have met with here—teaching which could not have been tolerated if even the most superficial of examinations had been required by the parents. Therefore, I think that to systematise the instruction and raise the standard of the teachers, examinations may undoubtedly be a powerful lever, but that the art of music is too subtle—many of its highest qualities too evanescent to be gauged by examination tests. At the present stage of the nation's development in music, I should say that examinations therein are desirable; but whenever the parents are more widely cultured and teachers better qualified, I should say, "Let music be unfettered and soar to endless heights."

Mr. W. Macfarren's work speaks for itself.

The fact of my being extensively engaged in musical examinations is, in my opinion, the most conclusive answer I can give to your inquiry whether, in my judgment, these functions are, or are not valuable.

Dr. Taylor deals chiefly with higher Examinations.

Musical examinations of an advanced character are, in my opinion, of great value: (1) As an incentive to well-directed study. (2) As a hallmark of competence. (3) To enable the public to know the qualified from those who may possibly have less knowledge of the subjects they profess than their pupils. (4) To aid, perhaps indirectly, in solving the question of registration. (5) To hasten the time when competition from the army of teachers with no qualifications but their own *ipse dixit*, or that of friends, shall cease. (6) To raise the social status of musicians to that of other learned professions. (7) As a means of promoting social intercourse, seeing qualified musicians, as a rule, do not care to fraternise with the unqualified.

In addition, a man must be much better for the long course of study and practice necessary to obtain either a degree or diploma. Examinations of a more elementary character afford a definite goal for the student to work for, but care should be taken to make it quite clear that these elementary certificates give no professional status.

Dr. Thomas thinks we are over-examined.

With reference to your question, "Are Musical Examinations, as we have them now, beneficial, or otherwise?" I presume that you mean those examinations that are held by Trinity College, Associated Board, etc., at our local centres, and my answer must refer entirely to those. I think that they act as an incentive, whereby the candidate feels in duty bound to "put his (or her) shoulder to the wheel," in fact, it gives the candidate something to work for, and does good in this way. But, on the other hand, I have often found that after an incessant grind at the pianoforte pieces, etc., it has tended to make the candidate's touch hard and unsympathetic, and eventually to destroy what "soul" there might have been in the candidate's playing beforehand. I have not found this in *every* case, but in some it has been unmistakable.

One word about the examinations as they are conducted. I don't believe in *one* examiner—there should be *two*. The candidate ought not to be left to the tender mercies of *one* examiner. The Associated Board feels the need of this evidently, as it always makes a point of sending two examiners. Trinity College does not.

Then the actual test of the candidate's abilities. Is it possible in the brief space of a quarter of an hour that an examiner can discover the capabilities of a candidate? It may be a fair test if the candidate happens to have "brass," and has his (or her) wits about him; but a *nervous* candidate has scarcely time to recover before the examination is at an end. We are over-examined.

* * * *

Dr. Karn affirms.

That musical examinations are an unmixed benefit to the cause of musical education in this country will hardly be contended. But I feel

confident in saying that the good resulting from them altogether outweighs the degree of evil inseparable from every movement of progress. Whether the examinations are in instrumental or vocal music, or in the domain of what is generally called the theory of music, thoroughness is necessary in preparing for them, a great incentive to work is created for a pupil, and a definite object is in view; and I have found greater results attained in schools, and amongst general students, where examinations are the regular thing, than in those places and cases where examinations are not highly esteemed. Another advantage is that the best kind of music must be studied in preparation for an examination; merititious and unsuitable effusions have to be cast aside. Technical exercises, such as scales and arpeggios, in various forms, have to be practised well and learnt from memory, sight-reading, etc., all of which tends to perfection; and even if students do not get proficient enough to enter for or pass an examination, the course of study is most beneficial, and at least puts a student in the right path.

Of course it must be the constant aim of those whose duty it is to prepare the schemes and requirements, and to organize musical examinations, to keep the mean between the two ex-

tremes, and, while keeping a high standard of art, to encourage the student along the thorny path.

The value of the higher examinations in music, planned specially for professional students, cannot be over-estimated. Here, of course, the highest standards must be maintained. These higher examinations are held by the various colleges, chiefly in instrumental and vocal music, and by the Universities for their degrees. The possession of a diploma or degree shows that the recipient has attained a certain proficiency in the art of music, whether of small degree or the highest. Of course, the mere passing of an examination does not make any one a better musician, and accomplished, experienced musicians need not trouble about such things; but for the ordinary rank and file of students, professional or

amateur, examinations undoubtedly play an important part, and are distinctly beneficial to the cause of art.

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Mr. Spinaey
speaks from
Experience.

You have been kind enough to ask my experience of local examinations in music. I am decidedly in favour of them; not for the actual value of the certificates, but entirely for the stimulus they give to the candidate. I have known many who date their first success and their real start in their studies from their earlier examinations, and from a conscious pride felt in passing them.

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[I beg to acknowledge the kind and valuable co-operation of those writers whose names are given above.—ED.]

Artists and their Prospects.

A CHAT WITH A CONCERT-AGENT.

"READ the Round Table discussion in the May number of the MAGAZINE OF MUSIC," said a well-known concert-agent to me, "and was rather disappointed that none of the members of my cloth had anything to say about the overcrowding of the musical profession. From a teacher's point of view, of course, the question was fairly and sensibly discussed, and some of the writers, or speakers (which shall I say?) expressed themselves very neatly. Dr. Harding's statement of the case was, I thought, especially good. He hit the right nail on the head when he said that an uneducated musician stands no chance nowadays. But what I wanted to see pointed out was the fact that the musical profession does not consist entirely of teachers; and artists—or perhaps I ought to say performers—should not be forgotten in considering this subject of overcrowding. The musical profession, as I and those who follow the same line of business as myself know it, is undoubtedly enormously overcrowded. We have far too many pianists, far too many violinists, and far too many singers. If you only knew the difficulty of obtaining engagements for them, and the utterly hopeless position of many amongst them, you would see to what a serious pass we have come. It artists go on increasing at the present rate for a few more years, I am afraid to think what the result will be."

"So far as the less competent are concerned," I remarked, "the outlook is certainly far from encouraging."

"It is not a question of competence at all," answered my friend. "If it were, it would be a simple matter. But I know many, very many, artists whose gifts and training would fit them for high places in their profession, to whom the chance for which they have anxiously waited, in some cases for years, will in all probability never come."

"Sir Joseph Barnby used to say 'there was always room at the top.'"

"But the top can only be reached by one or two. How does that affect the many?"

"The worst of it all," continued my friend, "is that there is absolutely no remedy. Registration, if it ever comes to pass—which I very much question—will not protect artists. It is impossible to forbid pianists to play, or vocalists to sing."

"Can you account for this overcrowding?" I asked.

"Easily enough. Our great music schools are turning out singers and players by scores and hundreds to swell the number. Even the Guildhall School, which was primarily intended for amateurs, does its share in this way. Then there

are English students who go abroad for their musical education, and return fully-fledged artists, the accredited pupils of this or that great master. Over and above all these, we have the 'birds of passage,' who, by the way, carry off most of the plums."

"Are professional artists affected to any great extent by amateur performances?" I asked.

"Yes, often very seriously. To tell the truth, the 'Society amateur,' although perhaps a godsend to teachers, is a hindrance rather than a help to real art. Understand me: I do not now refer to the happily increasing class who love music for its own sake, and are ready and willing to pay for it. I am speaking of the amateur vocalists, the amateur pianists, and the amateur conductors, of whom we hear so much. They put themselves forward at any possible opportunity, and deprive the artist of many an engagement. At the same time, they never fail to assume an air of lofty superiority over those whom they speak of as 'ordinary professionals, don't you know?'"

"You spoke of amateur conductors. I presume they engage professionals for their concerts."

"Occasionally. But on what terms? Upon the plea that they are performing for charitable purposes, they beat down the poor artist, and having secured his services at less than half the ordinary fee, do their best to overshadow him by giving him the worst places on the programme. Let me give you an instance of the treatment of professional artists by these aristocratic amateurs. Not long ago, one of our most promising young vocalists, now a client of mine, consented to give his services at a local concert got up by a well-known lady of title. The rest of the performers were amateurs, and they one and all, the concert-giver included, snubbed the young man who had the misfortune to be a 'mere professional' to such an extent that he was more than once tempted to leave the hall. At the end of the concert he was handed his expenses by an attendant, his generous patroness, as her ladyship no doubt considered herself, never even condescending from first to last to thank him for his assistance."

I expressed the hope that this was an exceptional case.

"We will try to think so," replied my friend. "Generally speaking, of course," he went on, "amateur conductors dispense with professional help altogether, being strongly impressed with the idea that aristocratic birth, or 'social status' as they call it, will, like charity, 'cover a multitude of sins.' So you see, under any circumstances, the professional has everything to lose and nothing to gain in this direction."



Barnby's Successor.



WE do not think that the Music Council of the Corporation have been very happy in their choice of a successor to Sir Joseph Barnby at the Guildhall School of Music. The five selected men who were voted upon were indeed a somewhat hopeless lot. The post at the Guildhall should be filled by a musician in the prime of life, and in sympathy with modern developments. Now look what a fine selection of fossils and pedants we have in the fortunate five: Mr. W. H. Cummings, Dr. Turpin, Dr. Sawyer, Mr. W. H. Thomas, and Mr. A. J. Caldicott. Not one of them is fit to be named in the same breath with Sir Joseph Barnby; and while we recognise the difficulty of finding another Barnby, there should at least have been no difficulty in finding a capable man who would not have required, from the circumstances of his age, to be pensioned off in a few years. However, Mr. Cummings has been elected, and what is more, the Council do not seem to have had any doubts as to his superiority. At the first ballot he had 69 votes; Mr. Thomas had 59, Dr. Sawyer 27, Dr. Turpin 16, and Mr. Caldicott 13. The two candidates at the head of the poll were then voted for again, and the result was that Mr. Cummings got 97 votes, while Mr. Thomas had 76. Let us hear, then, something about the career of the man who has thus captured £1,000 a year.

Mr. Cummings has just turned sixty, having been born in 1835, at Sidbury, in Devon. There is Celtic blood in his veins—if that is any advantage—for his family, which has lived for four hundred years in Devonshire, formerly bore the name of "Comyns," which was changed to Cummings at the beginning of the present century. Mr. Cummings' father was fond of music, and played the violin; he even made some violins for his own amusement, and he had a good collection of musical works, some of which his son bought back many years afterwards. When Mr. Cummings was five, his family moved to London, and the boy presently became a chorister at St. Paul's. Afterwards he was moved to the Temple Church, where he remained till his voice broke, studying the organ meanwhile with Dr. Hopkins, so that he was able, while still in his teens, to take an appointment as organist at Waltham Abbey. Feeling that a much larger field opened up to him as a singer, he resigned that post and came back to London, where he was for some years solo tenor at the Temple Church, Westminster Abbey, and the Chapel Royal. He studied singing under Hobbs, who by the way was Mr. Sims Reeves' first teacher, and later under Mr. Randegger; and soon he had as many singing engagements as he could fill. Many times he was called upon to take the place of eminent tenors at a moment's notice; and one or two instances might be quoted to show his achievements on these somewhat trying and thankless occasions. Mario had been engaged to create the tenor rôle written for him in Sullivan's cantata *Kenilworth* at the Birmingham festival. At the last moment the great tenor did not put in an appearance, and Cummings sang the part at sight so well that the committee gave him a gold chain in addition to the fee. Again, at the Norwich Festival, in 1866, Mr. Sims Reeves was suddenly taken ill, and Mr. Cummings was asked to undertake his part. The *Athenæum* spoke of the performance in this way: "What would have become of the tenor music of the festival had not

Mr. Cummings been there, we cannot imagine. It should be put on record that he undertook everything that his distinguished comrade was able to perform—some of the pieces at an instant's notice, and many without any possible preparation. Let us add that no one could have discovered this by the slightest wavering or incorrectness on his part. We can recall few things like his readiness." It should have been noted, too, that as a boy Mr. Cummings sang in the first London performance of *Elijah*. The alto part was too high for the men, and women altos at that time were few. So some of the Temple boys who were good readers were put on to the alto part. When the performance was over, Mendelssohn, in passing the boy, patted him on the head, took the programme from his hand, and wrote his own name upon it as a memento. Sir Sterndale Bennett composed for him the air, "His salvation is nigh them that fear Him," in *The Woman of Samaria*, and Mr. Cummings possesses the autograph.

Mr. Cummings has done a great deal of work both as a teacher and as a conductor. He is a professor of singing at the R.A.M., and has seen twenty years' service at the Norwood College for the Blind. He seeks, as one of his biographers tells us, to impart to his pupils that pure, natural, and artistic use of the voice which his own career as a singer has exemplified. He teaches them first to breathe. The idea that breathing should be left to nature he regards as absurd. A new-born babe breathes properly by instinct, but singing pupils certainly do not. Then he is very particular about enunciation. "We open our lips in speaking," he says, "and not our teeth. The English are the worst of all. The Welsh speak English better. Often we cannot tell, in listening to an English singer, what language is being sung." Alas! it is too true. Let us hope that the students of the great institution which Mr. Cummings is now to direct will show some improvement in that particular. For four years after the Sacred Harmonic Society left Exeter Hall, Mr. Cummings acted as conductor; but he has hardly sufficient sympathy with the different schools of composition to be an eminent success in this capacity.

As a matter of fact, we think Mr. Cummings does best as a writer and an antiquary. He has a big library, and he turns it to excellent account. His collection is especially rich in rare works by Purcell, and there are autographs of a very varied character by nearly all the leading composers. Handel is one of Mr. Cummings' great gods, and some years ago he threw away £53 in purchasing the autograph will of the master. He has written a great deal on musical subjects and has exploded a good many popular myths, including that hoary legend about the "Harmonious Blacksmith." To him, also, we owe the discovery of the origin of "God Save the Queen." Mr. Cummings has composed a good deal of music, but not much of it is likely to survive. His first glee prize was won as long ago as 1847, and he can show two silver cups commemorating other victories in glee competitions.

Mr. Cummings, it may just be added, married a daughter of his old teacher, Mr. Hobbs. She has Clara Novello for a godmother, and her grandfather as well as her father were both professional singers. There are eight sturdy sons of the union. Such is the new Principal of the Guildhall School of Music.

Letters from a Cathedral Chorister.

VI.

WELLMINSTER.

MY DEAR GUY,—
I feel at least a head taller than when I last wrote to you ; and when I tell you what has happened during the past two or three weeks you will understand why.

First of all, Aunt Barbara has been here. That was the beginning of it. She said she came to see her old friend, the Dean's wife ; but I believe really and truly she wanted to hear how her beloved nephew, with the beautiful voice, was getting on. Anyhow, one afternoon Mrs. Sutch walked into the school-room, and who should she have with her but Aunt Barbara. It was a wet day, and being Wednesday there was no work going on ; so we were amusing ourselves with some songs, which I was strumming on the piano while the other fellows sang. We stopped pretty promptly when we saw the ladies, but I had hardly time to get up from my seat before my adorable relative spotted me.

"Ah, here is my nephew," she said. "Bless me ! how well you look, Bernard. I declare I am quite proud of you !"

Midgeley coughed.

"And these are the other dear boys who sing so delightfully," my aunt went on, smiling at the fellows, who wanted to run away but couldn't.

Of course, Aunt Barbara had a thousand questions to ask me, and no end of messages from home ; and while I was talking to her and trying to look sober, that lunatic, Maggs, was making all sorts of faces behind her back, and pretending to twist his hair round his fingers like the old lady arranging her curls.

Aunt Barbara was surprised and disappointed to find that I was nobody particular here. She thought when I came to Westminster I should put all the other fellows in the shade, and could scarcely believe that I had to take a back seat at anything. She smiled and looked awfully pleased when I told her my batting average was the best in the school, and I noticed that her hand travelled towards her pocket ; but I spoilt my chance of a new half-sovereign by saying that I hadn't sung a solo yet, and so far as I could see was not likely to.

"It's a shame !" she said. "With your lovely voice, too. I must speak to the Dean about it." And her hand came forth from her pocket without as much as a sixpence in it.

The Dean, although he bosses everybody here, is no match for Aunt Barbara. When she spoke to him about my singing, he promised to see what could be done ; and at the very next rehearsal I had the verse part of an anthem given me.

"You will feel a little frightened at first, perhaps," said Mr. Littler, "but Perkins Major will be near, and he will help you, if necessary."

A little frightened, indeed ! I was positively scared at the very idea. If I had had enough sense left to speak at all, I should have said there and then that I couldn't do it. But I hadn't.

There was one consolation—the anthem wasn't to come off till the following Sunday week. Anything might happen before then. I might be taken ill—there was precious little chance of that, though ; I am always so fearfully healthy. Or my voice might break. Ah, a happy thought ! I yelled next day at play-time for all I was worth, in the hope of cracking it. I had

heard that nuts would ruin any voice, so I spent all my money on filberts, and devoured them without as much as giving one away. Then I tried sleeping with the window open ; but although every other fellow in the dormitory took cold, I didn't even sneeze. After that I gave myself up to fate.

Did you ever have boiling water poured down your back ? If so, you know how I felt before that solo began. I remember nothing about the first part of the service, but Perkins says that I kept on reminding him that he was to sing with me. At last the organ commenced, and I stood shivering from top to toe, turning the pages backwards and forwards furiously, and moistening my dry lips with the tip of my tongue. I felt a lump rise in my throat. Would it choke me ? I almost wished it would. I gave Perkins a final nudge as a hint that I trusted him, and opened my mouth, half fearing, half hoping that I should make no sound. To my surprise a voice rang out firmly and clearly. It must be Perkins ; although when I ventured to glance at him he seemed not to be singing. The thought that all was going well, however, gave me pluck, and I went on, even fancying sometimes that I could hear my own voice above Perkins himself.

I was half way through. There were a few bars for the choir, and the solo began again on a frightfully high note.

"Splendid, old fellow ! whispered Perkins. Now don't funk the G."

But I couldn't help feeling rather queer about it, and almost made up my mind not to attempt it. Just then I happened to catch sight of Midgeley. There was a sort of triumphant grin on his face that put me on my mettle. I determined to pull off that G or die.

Everybody remarked how well I got through the anthem, but I felt pretty limp when it was over, I can tell you. The Dean and Mr. Littler both seemed pleased, and Mary waited after church to give me a special word of praise, which was worth all the rest put together.

Midgeley was satirical as usual, and said the sooner he cracked (he meant his voice, of course), the better, for no one would listen to him now. Poor old Midgeley ! He had seen me talking to Mary, and that upset him, I expect.

As for Perkins he was delighted. (Perkins always was a good sort.)

"You have shown us all a trick, Starr," he said. "By Jove ! that G was a real topper."

"I couldn't have done anything without you, old fellow," I said, shaking him by the hand.

"Without me ! How ?"

"I didn't mind so long as you were singing."

"But I didn't sing a note," said Perkins, laughing at the idea.

I couldn't believe for some time that I had done it all myself, but it seems I did, and that the voice I thought was Perkins's was really my own. I can't explain it ; I only know it happened just as I have told you.

Mrs. Sutch tells me she has written to Aunt Barbara about it ; so I am expecting a Post Office Order every day.

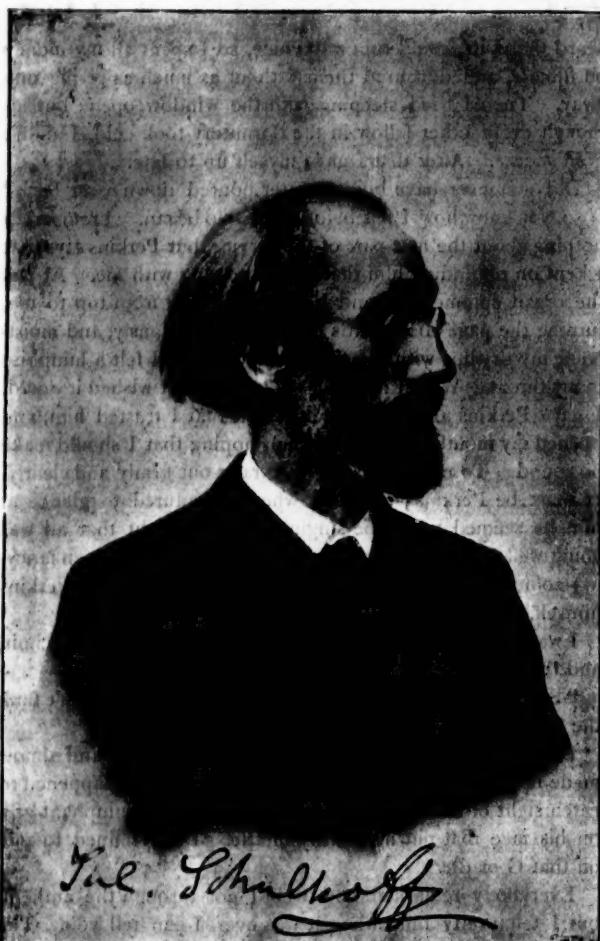
So glad to hear you are quite well again.

Ever your affectionate Friend,

BERNARD STARR.

Julius Schulhoff.

By MARIE WURM.



WHO has not played in his or her earliest youth compositions by Schulhoff? Where is there a parcel of music sent "on approval" to schools which does not contain one or the other of Schulhoff's compositions? Always the same pieces it is true, yet always giving the same amount of pleasure to those young players who are on the look-out for elegant, refined and melodious music.

Who does not know the "Carneval de Venice"? one of Schulhoff's best-known pieces of years gone by! Yet, strange to say, no one seems to inquire whether there are no other compositions to be had than just two or three of his best-known ones. People imagine that the celebrated Schulhoff is no more, that it must be his son who is still alive. Even Germans are vague about it; musical papers still quote "the late Schulhoff," and yet he lives in Berlin, and is not nearly as old as one imagines him to be. The fact of it is, he made a name for himself when still very young, and left off playing in public when he was only thirty-two years of age on account of continual ill-health.

As I am fortunate enough to count him among my friends, I am more than delighted to be able to write my personal experiences about him and his music, instead of referring only to already printed biographies. Schulhoff has one special characteristic, and that is, he is intensely modest and retiring;

so much so that I had to dine twice and lunch once with him ere I got this "copy." I very much wished to see his latest compositions, for he still writes; but no, he would show them to no one, and they are not being published either.

It is only once that I was able to get him to talk about the times gone by when more individuality reigned amongst pianists than nowadays. When he was young, there were besides him, Mendelssohn, Chopin, Thalberg, Herz—all these were composers as well as pianists. They wrote for their own instrument, and effectively too. But nowadays pianists crop up who have no stamp of individuality; there are just a few who are different—who are original, but most of them are only good pianists, some playing better than others, yet all playing the same *répertoire*, and comparing the pianist-composers of former days with those one hears now, it seems strange that they should have become, with few exceptions, less original and have less ideas of their own. To compose a few Mazurkas or Minuets or Studies does not mean much, although they may be graceful and effective. The violinists in former times were more gifted too—what splendid concertos they wrote! Now they satisfy themselves with their own little Mazurkas or Fantasias on other people's airs.

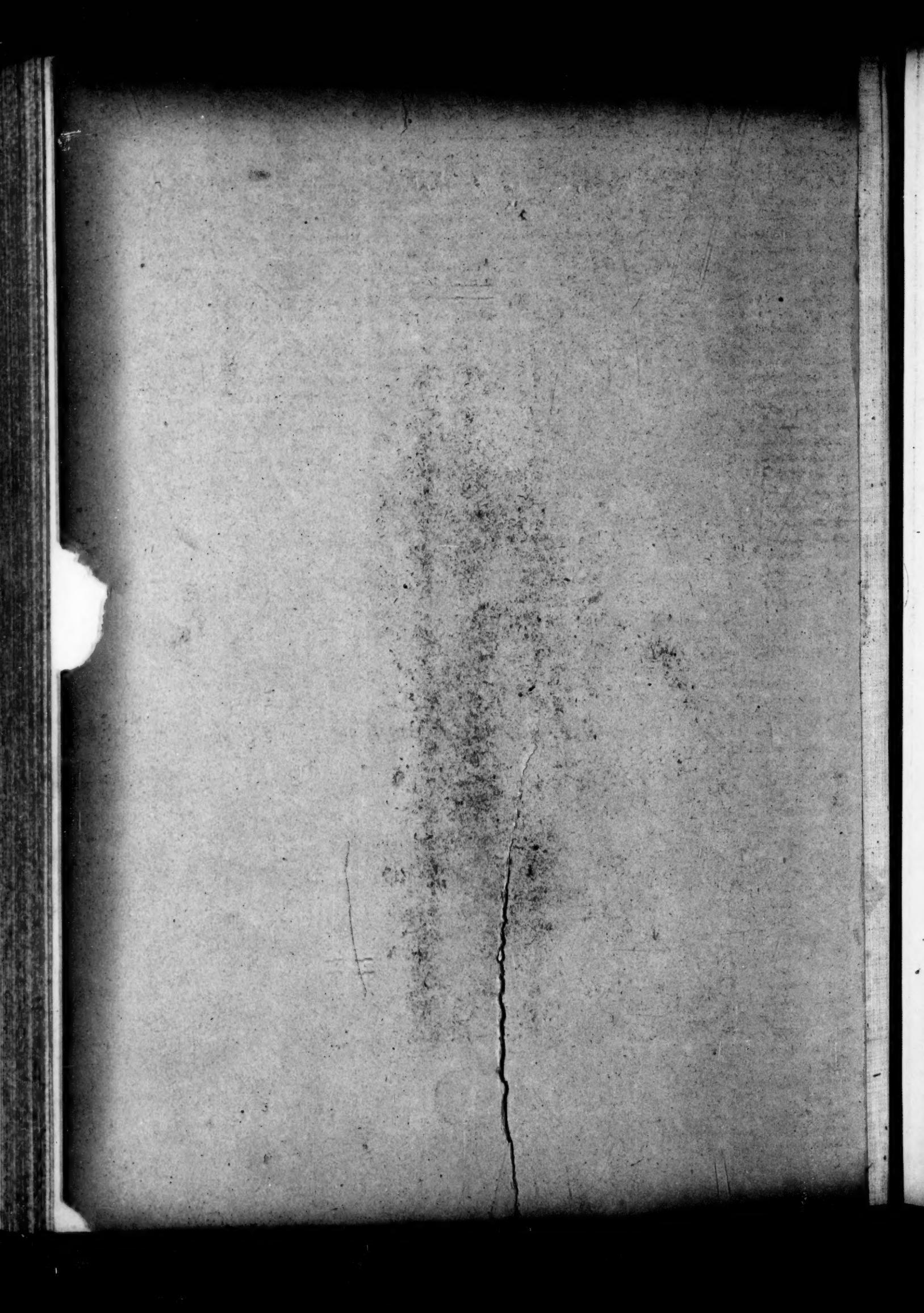
Schulhoff is, or was, essentially a composer for his own instrument; that his pieces are still played is a sign that they possess fascination. Of course at the time he played them in public they were more the fashion. It has quite pained me to find that the MAGAZINE OF MUSIC has published only some of his earliest efforts, and I trust my few words will make my readers wish to know other compositions of his than only the "Carneval de Venice" (the introduction of which, I hear by the way, has had words set to it, and has been sung by celebrated singers) or his waltzes.

I have before me his latest photograph, given me lately, and as I am looking at it, I recall, not only him but his pianoforte-playing. I have had the privilege of playing duets with him, and have heard him play alone, and was struck by the very different style to that one hears nowadays. His quality of tone is more delicate, more refined, and more simple. It seems to me to be warmer somehow. He has no mannerisms, and does not wish to show off; one forgets that he is playing the pianoforte, it is music, *real music*. It is a treat but seldom heard, however, on account of his ailing health and love of retirement. During my last visit at his house last week, I gathered and noted down the following facts through the kindness of his very fascinating and charming wife.

Julius Schulhoff was born at Prague on the 2nd of August, 1825, the second son of a much-respected merchant. The elder brother of J. Schulhoff is still living in England, but is not a musician. Like most gifted children, Schulhoff showed his musical talent at a very early age; and a neighbourly musician named Kisch was entrusted with his tuition. At the age of nine he played already in public, but his first important appearance was when he was eleven years old. On the concert-programme it was announced that a composition by Hummel would be played by "a lover of music." To the great amusement of the audience a little boy in white knicker-bockers and velvet coat stepped upon the platform! Two



EUGÈNE YSAŸE.



years afterwards he played at an orchestral concert a concerto of Moscheles', and a fantasia of Thalberg's. His theoretical lessons he received from W. Tomaschek (who died in 1850), and his fellow-students were—Wilhelm Kuhe (now in Brighton), Alex. Dreyfus (a well-known pianist now deceased), and Hänslick (the now celebrated critic in Vienna).

At the age of seventeen Schulhoff left Prague and commenced his first concert-tour. Playing first at Dresden, he went on to Leipsic, where he met Mendelssohn, and the latter, on hearing him play, at once engaged him to play at one of the celebrated Gewandhaus Concerts. In 1842 he arrived in Paris, the town of his wildest ambition. At that time Liszt, Thalberg, Dreyfus, and Döhler were creating a sensation. Chopin was the great star, however, and to him Schulhoff was most desirous of being introduced. In 1844 his wish was fulfilled, for he succeeded in playing to Chopin, who rather unwillingly submitted to hearing another, as he thought, of the many amateurs he had been forced to listen to; but after the first few bars Chopin's pale face lit up, and his interest grew and grew as the young Bohemian played on. At the close Chopin shook him heartily by the hand, exclaiming, "Vous êtes un vrai artiste—un collègue!" The piece Schulhoff had been playing was "Allegro brillant en forme de Sonate" (op. 1), and Chopin accepted the dedication of it, saying, "Je suis très flatté de l'honneur que vous me faites." This was but shortly before Chopin's death. It seems to me that Schulhoff's style of playing resembled Chopin's, for it had the effect upon me (when I heard Schulhoff), just as I have always supposed Chopin's would have had, something refined, pure—heavenly.

In 1845 Schulhoff gave his first concert in Paris, and became a celebrity almost at once. He went to England in

1845–1846, and again in 1848, and then on to Vienna, where his fame spread more and more. In those years 1849–50 people liked fantasias on operas best (probably that is why Thalberg arranged so many pieces), but Schulhoff was one of the first to abandon them from his concert programmes. He travelled all through Russia, in fact all over Europe, returning laden with honours to Paris (1854), and again winning fresh laurels there. The Paris critics wrote: "Since Chopin no such enthusiasm has been shown another pianist as to Schulhoff."

He still went out travelling, playing in Germany, but resting a while in Dresden. There he gave a few lessons, but his Paris friends wanted him back, and so he again returned to Paris and the South of France for concerts. In 1865 however his health began to fail; therefore, in 1870, he left Paris (also on account of the war) to settle in Dresden, where he remained until 1888, in which year he decided to come to Berlin, where he still lives.

At his house all the best and celebrated artists visit, and he and his most amiable wife (whom he married in 1878) have everything in their power to make one feel happy as their guest. Of their two step-daughters, one is married to Joseph Wieniawski (the pianist) in Brussels.

Schulhoff has never written down any memoirs, and yet what interesting anecdotes he could tell us about Berlioz, and especially about Rossini, who was such a great man in Paris, and at whose house Schulhoff was a constant and intimate guest. Meissonier in Paris, and Schott-Soehnes in Mayence have published most of Schulhoff's compositions, but of course they are also to be had in London. They are all most melodious and not over-difficult.

Romance and Reality.

THE recent death at Baltimore of Frederick Nicholls Crouch, the composer of "Kathleen Mavourneen," recalls some curious things to the minds of those who are acquainted with Crouch's history. The many admirers of the well-known song have long been pained to hear that its composer, a man of over fourscore, was practically starving in America, yet they have done nothing to help him, and now he has passed beyond their sympathy. Crouch led a most eventful, even a romantic life. Born in London in 1808, he performed a violin solo in the presence of Rossini. Bochsa, the once celebrated harpist, recognising his ability, gave him lessons and procured his admission to the choir of Westminster Abbey. He was a performer in the orchestra at the Royal Coburg Theatre in London, afterwards a student at the Royal Academy of Music, then a member of Queen Adelaide's band. At various theatres where he was engaged he wrote songs for Miss Tree and Madame Malibran. Then he became a manufacturer of zinc in the county of Kent; but this speculation landed him in financial straits, and he was appointed supervisor of the music publishing firm of D'Almaine & Co., of Soho Square. In 1845 he made an unsuccessful application for the post of leading bass at Durham Cathedral, as will be seen from the following letter addressed to Henry Phillips, the celebrated baritone: "My dear Phillips, I called

to give you a brotherly shake of the hand on Saturday, but you were *non est*. I should have done so to-day, but am really too unwell to do anything, but will in a day or two. I am trying for the principal bass at Durham Cathedral. Will you, for 'auld lang syne,' give the bearer or send per return post, a testimonial of my capacity, having officiated for you at the Bavarian? I have lots of new things to show, and quite long to have a chat with you."

Crouch left London in 1849, when he went with Max Maretzke to the Astor Opera House, New York. By-and-by we find him at Portland, where he conducted the Sacred Harmonic Society, and lectured on music. Afterwards he became musical director of St. Matthew's Choir at Washington. Then he went to California, where he unsuccessfully endeavoured to become rich in the newly discovered gold mines. On the breaking out of the long civil war he enlisted as a volunteer in the Richmond Grays, where he continued until the surrender of General Lee; then, with three broken ribs and his hand "badly mashed," he was engaged as a gardener and farm hand at Buckingham Court House. After that he was a common workman at a factory; and latterly, as already noted, he had been reduced to a helplessly destitute state owing to age and infirmity. In 1888 a complimentary concert was given on his behalf in Portland, at which, although he was

then eighty, he sang "Kathleen Mavourneen" with the comparative vigour of a man of fifty.

Crouch has himself told the origin of his famous song. The words, which were from the pen of Mrs. Crawford, came out first in the *Metropolitan Monthly Magazine*, of which Crouch was musical critic. The lines at once attracted his attention. "On the spur of the moment I sat down to my instrument and wedded to music the simple melody, never dreaming that the waif of an hour was destined to become a national song." At the time of composing the tune, Crouch had abandoned music as a profession and was a commercial traveller for a firm of metal brokers. He first sang it one evening at the Bedford Arms at Plymouth, his brother bagmen having called on him for a song. He sang it again at a concert given a few days later at Plymouth, and next morning his fellow travellers got a little fun out of his success by chalking up on the wall opposite the hotel something about "the celebrated composer from London, F. N. Crouch." The song was published by the music-seller, Rowe, who gave this concert, and on his failure D'Almaine bought it. The latter paid Crouch five guineas for the copyright, and all his life he has lamented that he never got a penny more out of it. Beyond its great sale at home it was largely pirated in the States. "It has been published by thirty different music stores in America," wrote Crouch; "but not one of these brain-stealers has had sufficient principle to bestow a single dime on the composer." Of course not. When we last heard of the copyright changing hands, it brought £552. Titiens found out Crouch on one of her tours in America, and on the strength of "Kathleen Mavourneen" presented him with a handsome sum of money.

Although many inaccurate statements have been made about the matter, it is a fact that the notorious "Cora Pearl," who died in 1886, was a daughter of Crouch. Thirty years ago the equipage of Cora Pearl was one of the sights of Hyde Park. One who remembers her well, writing some ten years back, says the loungers by the rails threw a double intensity into their stare when her carriage passed with its perfect horses and irreproachable liveries. Great ladies were accused of dressing "after" the celebrity. When she went to Paris, and shortly after made her *début* at the Bouffes, the theatre was filled to overflowing with the ladies of the *demi-monde* and "personages" titled and untitled. Never did a *première* excite so much curiosity. Certain of the boxes sold at five hundred francs each, and orchestra stalls fetched one hundred and

fifty francs. Before then, Cora Pearl was well known to Parisians as an Amazon—a female Centaur. She wished to present herself in a new aspect to the public. Her stables were the talk of Paris. The wealthiest and most refined were not above taking a hint from her on the subject of the stables: Paris had not then begun to emulate London in this respect. Cora was one of the first to set the English fashion in matters relating to horses and carriages. Her English grooms *qui ne riaient pas* were a puzzle to their more lively and animated French *confrères*. The shape and colour of her carriages were models for the imitation of even the great ones of France under the Empire. Particulars about the harness, the upholstery of the vehicles, and the unusually sober liveries, appeared in the papers. She always had at least a dozen horses in her stables, and fabulous sums were spent upon them. She rode magnificently, and her thoroughbreds answered so readily to the slightest touch from her hand as to gain her the title of "La Centauresse." Her apartments in the Champs Elysées were magnificently furnished. The dining-room, somewhat sombre with its heavy decorations, had cabinets in every nook filled with treasures of art; silver services, pieces of sculpture, gems of the goldsmith's skill, silver-gilt dinner services, and bowls of engraved gold. The small adjacent drawing-room was crowded with articles of "bigotry and virtue," and scattered all over the room were hands moulded in marble, in plaster, in bronze, in silver—every one of them modelled upon or cast from the remarkably well-shaped hand of Cora herself. Marble statues, valuable china, vases worth a king's ransom, beautiful clocks, costly fans, historic cabinets, were huddled together in the room without the slightest pretension to arrangement. The taste of the celebrity did not run in the direction of the drawing-room, but of the stables.

During the last few years of her life the poverty of Cora Pearl was as great as that of her father. She was often seen in the Champs Elysées gazing at the house where she once had lived, her dress faded and worn, but the red-dyed hair as conspicuously brilliant as of old; the rouged cheeks and artificially-whitened brow giving her at a little distance a fictitious air of youthfulness. The disdainful look had deserted her face, and wrinkles were seen, at a near approach, under the rouge. An air of fretful misery had replaced them. The ravages of a terrible disorder were reflected in her face. Her life was an antithesis, of which her death served to dot the i's and cross the t's.

A Great Day in Mr. Bechstein's Life.

MR. C. BECHSTEIN, Senr., the founder and head of the great pianoforte firm that bears his name, celebrated on June 1st the completion of his seventieth year.

Quite early in the morning a stream of his friends and well-wishers commenced pouring into the little village of Erkner, where Mr. Bechstein has a beautiful villa, situated on the borders of a picturesque lake. About eleven o'clock regular deputations arrived, who formally addressed Mr. Bechstein in eloquent speeches. First, Rector Krause spoke on behalf of his friends, and presented an enormous album, most beautifully

bound in stamped leather, which contained contributions from various artists, journalists, and other friends. These contributions took the form of drawings (where Professor Hermann's design was very much admired); compositions, notably from Brahms, D'Albert, and Joseph Hofmann; poetry and prose. Dr. Kastan then eulogised Mr. Bechstein upon his merits in the art of instrument making, and the high position of eminence he had obtained in the music world, and Professor Ehrlich presented, on behalf of the principal pianists of our time, the following address:—

To MR. C. BECHSTEIN, Senr.

The undersigned Pianists and Composers beg to offer you, on your seventieth birthday, their heartiest wishes, and the expression of their admiration.

Since the commencement of your Firm you have brought the art of pianoforte making to a height from which, as *primus inter pares*, you can look back upon a glorious career.

The productions of your art have obtained world-wide fame, admiration, and demand, even in countries which, until the appearance of Bechstein grands, boasted of supremacy in the art of pianoforte making.

The great musicians—Liszt, Bülow, Rubinstein, Tausig—whose loss we still deplore, have not only repeatedly expressed, by word and letter, their highest admiration of Bechstein art productions; but have also proved it by their acts, by supplying their concerts, wherever possible, with your instruments, on which they could most successfully express all shades of touch or dynamic effects, all intellectual intentions, as well as all inspirations of the moment.

We, who are living, rejoice to continue the inheritance of admiration which the masters have paid you. May you, highly esteemed sir, continue to exercise for many years those glorious and artistic qualities, with the knowledge of our appreciation.

EUGEN D'ALBERT.

ERNESTO CONSOLI.

HEINRICH EHLICH.

MARGARETHE EUSSERT.

OTTO GOLDSCHMIDT.

JOSEPH HOPMANN.

ERNST JEDLITSKA.

KARL KLINDWORTH.

FREDERIC LAMOND.

FRANZ MANNSTEDT.

MORITZ MOSZKOWSKI.

MAX PAUER.

XAVER SCHARWENKA.

ALFRED SORRMANN.

H. BARTH.

FELIX DREYSCHOCK.

ANNETTE ESSIPOFF.

BERTHE MARX-GOLDSCHMIDT.

ALFRED GRÜNFELD.

ERNST HUTCHESON.

C. KLEEBERG.

EMMA KOCH.

HEINRICH LUTTER.

SOFIE MENTER.

VLADIMIR VON PACHMANN.

FRANCIS PLANTÉ.

JOSEPH SLIVINSKI.

TERESA CARRENO.

C. BECHSTEIN, in which was interwoven the jovial "Hoch soll er leben," which has its English equivalent in "For he is a jolly good fellow." This composition and performance was greeted with stormy applause, as was Mr. Somers of the Imperial Opera, whose appropriate and charming songs were greeted with such hearty applause that he could not leave the platform until he had given several encores. After a short interval the curtain rose for the purpose of a humorous play composed by the brothers Alexander and Moritz Moszkowski, entitled, "A Piano Lesson," and based upon the scene in *Faust* between "Mephisto" and the disciple "Wagner." Herr Heinrich Grünfeld took the part of "Mephisto"; Herr Schmidt-Badakow the part of the disciple. Continuous shouts of laughter accompanied the performance, and the writer and composer were called and recalled at the end and cheered enthusiastically.

Meanwhile the Stern Choral Union, of which Mr. Bechstein is honorary president, had assembled on the lawn and entertained the company with a serenade of appropriate music, which was very much appreciated. The moment was one of such charm and poetry that nobody who was present could forget. From the terrace you looked over the beautiful and wild lake, behind which the sun was just setting, and the strains of the well-trained and famous male choir heightened the poetic effect of the moment in a manner that can only be described as entrancing. The company did not separate until a very late hour at night, and every one carried away the memory of a most successful day in most perfect weather, and the generous and liberal hospitality of the septuagenarian who, in spite of his white hairs, seemed to be the youngest and brightest of the whole company.

After a life of hard work, and severe struggles, and great successes, no one could help the feeling of satisfaction that Mr. Bechstein should have been spared to enjoy the honours, the universal appreciation and true affection, of which this day bore such eloquent testimony.

In connection with the celebration of Mr. Bechstein's seventieth birthday, a most interesting letter of Von Bülow's has come to light, which Bülow addressed to Professor Klindworth, then residing in London, as an introduction for Mr. Bechstein on his first visit to London. The letter reads as follows:—

Again I take the opportunity to recall myself to your memory. A friend of ours (Mr. Bechstein) is going to London, where he has sent already some exhibition pianos a few weeks ago, which I beg to recommend to your kind attention. I feel sure you will agree with me, that up to the present, nothing approaching such excellence in the manufacture of grand pianos has been produced in Germany, and that I was right in taking up with all my energy this man, who in the beginning of his career had to struggle with the greatest obstacles of every sort. The first grand pianoforte he made was consecrated by me in the autumn of 1856 with Liszt's H minor Sonata. Then our master (Liszt), for whom Bechstein sent a superb grand piano to Weimar last year, was quite delighted with it, and in acknowledgment presented Mr. Bechstein with a copy of his large picture by Ary Scheffer.

It would be very nice of you, and I should be very grateful to you, if you would interest yourself on behalf of this piano man, who personally bears a most honourable character, is very musical, and otherwise well educated. Also Tausig is very enthusiastic about Bechstein's grand pianos, and took Bechstein into his intimate friendship, who again in his turn would walk through fire for Tausig. . . . etc., etc.

HANS VON BULOW.



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The Problem of the Voice Finally Discovered.

SUCH is the staggering announcement on the title-page of an ominously black bound volume which comes to us under the leading title of "Voxometric Revelation." The author of the revolutionary work is Mr. Alfred Augustus North, "professor of voice production and singing, examiner in music to the New Zealand Government for thirteen years." In his "proemial note" Mr. North tells us that this new theory of his has taken upwards of twenty years' continuous and persistent study to perfect. During the prosecution of his avocation as a teacher of singing, he became fully convinced that there must be something radically wrong with the present systems of voice training—in the first place by the dearth of good singers on every hand apparent; and secondly, because of the evident doubt, perplexity, and confusion, which it was obvious existed in the minds of even the best authorities and writers on the subject. For these authorities and writers Mr. North has but scant respect. He read and consulted them all, and he now declares that "he is in duty bound to say that he failed to discover the secret or key-note to the enlightenment of the acknowledged mystery surrounding the human voice." There is nothing like being thorough, even in denunciation!

It is somewhat difficult in a limited space to say just in what points Mr. North differs from the authorities whom he thus condemns, or in what precisely his theory differs from other theories. A critic who desired to be brief might say that it differed in every respect. There is, however, one broad distinction in which Mr. North may be said to stand alone. If it is not a generally accepted notion that the singer, like the poet, must be born, not made, it is at any rate pretty widely recognised that if nature has not given you a voice, nothing in the way of training will give it to you. Jean de Reszké, as quoted in another column, lays down the law that "in order to become a singer, one must have been a singer from the cradle." Now this is held by Mr. North to be an entirely erroneous idea. With all the power of italics he declares that "singing is no more a gift than that of sight, hearing, or any of the other senses; but when properly understood is a spontaneous and natural act, incident to all humanity, in common with all other efforts." It must not, of course, be understood, says Mr. North, that the voice used in childhood is necessarily either natural or unnatural to that childhood. To explain this he first points out that the voice of the infant *is* a natural tone, and contains within itself the innate germ of the voice of maturity. But from the age when the infant first begins to learn and know fear, then just according to the manner in which that child is trained and brought up, either in a state of greater or less timidity and restraint, or wholly without fear, so is the voice of childhood either in a proportionately greater or less degree artificial or natural to childhood respectively. Mr. North then goes on to astonish us further by the following statement: "That, therefore, which may be called the pure child-tone, if trained on perfect lines, and the child always carefully brought up, with proper discipline but kindness, in such a manner as to encourage all the best and noblest instincts of his or her nature, free and without undue coercion, then, but only then, this voice can be trained to produce superb results." It is hardly necessary to spend time in re-

futing such a statement as this. We all know that countless children have been brought up under the conditions desiderated by Mr. North, and yet it has been impossible to make singers of them; while, on the other hand, many first-rate vocalists have been reared in a manner which, according to Mr. North's theory, should have prevented them ever becoming good vocalists.

There are many other points of an equally debatable nature, but perhaps it will suffice merely to state them, leaving the reader to form his own conclusions. Every voice, according to Mr. North, must be treated by the trainer in precisely the same way, notwithstanding the fact that no two voices are exactly alike. Nearly all writers support the theory of the existence of at least two or more registers of the voice. Mr. North asserts that as the voice rises in pitch the notes must be taken lower and lower in the chest for each ascending note, and the voice, properly produced, is made *one* in its two sound-boards. In other words, there is but one vocal register. Again, most authorities on voice production hold that the larynx should rise for each note ascending in pitch. The new theory says that the larynx must on no account rise, but must be kept quite stationary, no matter what height the note to be sung. While opinions are greatly divided on the question of breathing, some advocating the clavicular, the pectoral, the thoracic or diaphragmatic methods, our author pronounces the latter to be the only manner in which this action should be performed. The *falso* voice he declares to be practically non-existent; that which is so called is just the part of the voice *at any pitch* which is not trained or controlled. Ninety-nine out of every hundred singers, we are told, are really singing in a false voice, which *should* be called "falso," although fully under the impression that they are using their natural voice! On Mr. North's plan there is to be no decay of the voice, though the singer should live to see his century out. It is, he says, the common practice of avowed voice trainers to train and teach on that part of the vocal apparatus above the larynx only. That is to say, they endeavour to educate what they deem are the principal articulating members for pronunciation, and then attempt to add expression. Voices so trained can only last a few years. "On the contrary, we maintain that the voice must be built upon the foundational bearings of the natural tone at its sound-boards, before articulation and expression can be successfully added. This principal starting place ensures the full vigour of the voice being maintained throughout life." What a benefactor of the singing race Mr. North is destined to become! Our vocalists are known to be slow to retire even when age has worn their voices; henceforward they need not retire at all until the great Reaper has deprived them of a voice entirely.

But one might go on through several columns quoting opinions in which Mr. North is at variance with accepted theories. Candidly we think he claims far too much. Voices cannot have been produced all these centuries on systems which were entirely false; and although Mr. North may be right on some points, he is far too dogmatic and iconoclastic to command wide sympathy and consideration. Still, his book, as containing original views of a kind, should certainly be read by all vocal students and teachers.

"The Dunghill of Romanticism!"

SO does Max Nordau, in his chapter on the Wagner Cult, in "Degeneration," term the great opposing force to Classicism.

Is this the language that we would wish to use towards the mighty factor of regeneration in the world of art? Surely not. Let us hope that few will join the author of "Degeneration" in vilifying the most potent aid to a newer and better art that we have yet seen.

What has caused the motets of Palestrina, the sonatas of Kuhnau, the operas of Handel, the fugues of Bach, and the symphonies of Haydn to be forgotten by all save a few enthusiastic musicians? Is it not because that outside the mere notes there is absolutely nothing to interest—that, if we do not recognise and appreciate the intricacies of counterpoint, the beauties of canon, or the dry rules to be found in old harmony books, there is nothing to awaken our sympathies or rivet our attention? Do we consider the rules in Bain's English Grammar the highest use to which our language can be put? Why, then, regard mere exercises—valueless except as aids to more correct composition—as the most perfect use of music? The music of the old classic school is little more than mere groping in the dark, little more than the faltering attempts of beginners to master the mysteries of an art that could not be fully understood, until the glorious sun of Romanticism touched the otherwise dead parts, and brought life to the whole.

For is it not beyond all dispute that it was Romanticism that gave art its helpful impetus at the commencement of this century? To have denied Romanticism a place—and a high one—in the world of music would have been suicidal; for music that does not attempt to portray something, that has not an "idea" to impress, is *no* music, and is as certain of being forgotten as the mass of old Dutch music—once the pride of the art world—is to-day.

How foolish to name a symphony "in D flat"! As well tell an artist to announce that he paints grass green! But if we call a symphony "The Ocean," "The Pastoral," "The Italian," then we have a definite object or idea before our mind's eye, and are thus enabled to supply the scenic set without which much of the effect of music is lost.

How many of Haydn's multitudinous symphonies are known by the average musical person? How many of Bach's fugues are known by the enthusiastic music-lover? Very, very few; none perhaps except those which have some little tale attached to them. Compare the symphonies of the Classic school with those of the Romantic—Beethoven, Schubert, Schumann, Berlioz—and then ask yourself why the one set are but mere names, and the other set living realities. The great lesson taught in *The Meistersingers* must ever be before us, "Change is the eternal law of progress." To go fully into the benefits bestowed by Romanticism on art would require a large volume to do the interesting subject justice.

In connection with this "Dunghill of Romanticism," Nordau also asserts that Wagner was unable to write melody, and that save in *Tannhäuser* and *Lohengrin*—"early works"!—there is no melody.

Now such remarks as these—false as they were and are—used to receive some degree of recognition in the old days of Wagnerian disputes. But one had hoped that time had opened the eyes of the blind and educated the minds of the ignorant, and that long ere now all such statements had been exploded; but it appears not so. When will this stupidity cease? Oh! the weariness of hearing repeated over and over again such undiluted nonsense. The same charge was brought against Gluck, Mozart, Beethoven, and others. Who would wish to be associated with such a criticism to-day? All known musical forms are but developments of "a four or eight bar phrase." Every sonata, symphony, opera, or music-drama ever written is but a glorified superstructure on such a framework. All Wagner's works—polyphonic as they are—can be reduced to such bare outline. Now if we take the trouble to reduce any of his music-dramas—or any portion—we will find that the frame-work is as complete and perfect as possible, and further, that the whole rests on exquisite melodic phrases. Take *The Rhinegold*, and note the Rhine maiden's songs—the music allotted to Logi—the march of the gods to Walhalla; take *Die Walküre*, and note "Winterstorms have waned," the Walkürenritt, the Feuerzauber; take *Siegfried*, and note the scene in the forest, and the grand duet between Brünnhilda and the hero; take *Die Götterdämmerung*, and note the incomparable Funeral March; take *Die Meistersinger*, and note the overture, the choral, "By the Winter Hearth," "Fangt an!" the duets between Eva and Walter, Hans Sachs' two great songs, and the gathering of the Meisters in the third act; take *Parsifal*, and note the "Love Feast," the flower-girls' chorus, and the "Good Friday spell"; and above all, take *Tristan and Isolde*, and note every bar, and then ask yourself if the composer of all these jewels was "unable to write melody," and as he grew older such little gift as he had in that direction "dried up"; and further, if he deserves the words used by Max Nordau, viz., "Wagner is the last mushroom on the dunghill of Romanticism." Any unbiased person capable of forming a judgment will most assuredly admit that Richard Wagner was one of the greatest masters of richest melody yet known in the music world, and further, that without the beneficial aid of Romanticism a loss of all that is best in Wagner's works would have been the result. Fancy Wagner writing for ever in classic modes! A wasted life, a misapplied genius, and a collection of dry-as-dust worthless compositions would have been the result.

It is not for us to sit with clasped hands and bewail the supposed shortcomings of others. For no such task were we sent into the world. Our life, our talents, our time, our all, are but given us for a space, so that we may endeavour to help our fellow-men, to let the rays of the sun be less obscured, to cheer the downhearted, to bring happiness to all those with whom we are brought in contact, and above all, to preach a gospel, not of "Degeneration" and warped views of life, brought about by the vagaries of a twisted brain, but a gospel of a new and purer art, a nobler and wider application of the glorious art of music regenerated through no other power than that of *Romanticism*.


 Notes and Reviews.
 

By A MUSIC-SELLER.

In his new book, "The Orchestra, and How to Write for It" (Robert Cocks), Mr. Frederick Corder summarises the orchestral resources of this country thus:—

- (1) The String Band, usually amateurs, and mostly consisting of a quantity of indifferent violins, one or two violas and 'cellos, and a hired double bass. Occasionally it has a flute or some other wind instrument, but it never becomes a real orchestra.
- (2) The Theatre Band, consisting of from eight to thirty mixed stringed and wind instruments selected on the Darwinian principle, that is, the survival of the strongest. . . . (3) The Brass Band, a growing power in the north of England. . . .
- (4) The Wind Band, such as is found on piers and other open-air places of entertainment. . . . (5) The Full Band (so called), such as is found at promenade concerts and the like. This is only the Theatre Band on a rather larger scale, and is generally ill-balanced, and with inferior players for the subordinate instruments. . . . (6) The Small Orchestra, by which is meant the collection of instruments for which Mozart and Beethoven generally wrote, but with a generous preponderance of strings. . . . (7) The Full Orchestra, a thing only to be met with at the principal London and provincial concerts or festivals."

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With the object of instructing the "less gifted" amongst musicians to write for these various combinations of instruments, especially the first five classes, this manual has been prepared. Mr. Corder is generally admitted to be the "funny man" in his profession; and in this book, as in other of his writings, it is difficult to know when to take him seriously. He is joking, of course, when he suggests that orchestral players will always say a passage is impossible if it is unlike what they have seen before; and one can imagine him laughing in his sleeve as he recommends the unwary student to substitute the cornet-à-pistons for the trumpet in his scores. Mr. Corder makes a dead-set at the poor, defenceless trumpet:

"I desire here to record my emphatic opinion that the trumpet in the orchestra is an almost unmitigated nuisance. In the small orchestra of Haydn and Mozart it obliterates everything else, and dare only be used here and there in the padding. In the modern orchestra it is useless, because of its limited scale, while in the music of Bach and Handel it is a source of constant vexation of spirit."

Such a declaration as this almost takes one's breath away, and one is glad to think that it may be only Mr. Corder's fun, after all.

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The true worth of the book is to be found in those portions which deal with facts rather than theories. Mr. Corder has given ample proof of his acquaintance with the resources of the modern orchestra in his own compositions, and he writes upon such matters as "Balance of Tone," and the proper distribution of parts, in a thoroughly practical, reasonable way. The importance of guarding against the not uncommon preponderance of the strings is clearly pointed out, and the young conductor as well as the composer will find here much that is worthy of his consideration. Frequent quotations from the scores of great masters cannot fail to be useful to students. On the whole, Mr. Corder's book will repay careful study; although if it lead to the multiplication of vases, marches, and other such works as the author enumerates in the introductory chapter, many will think it had better never have been written at all.

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Those who heard Mr. F. H. Cowen's "Four English Dances," at St. James's Hall, on the occasion of Mr. Fritz Masbach's concert, will be glad to meet with the pianoforte arrangement just issued by Messrs. Novello & Co. It would be difficult to imagine

anything more graceful and charming than these dances, which, in form and colouring, faithfully reflect the "olden style." The transcription from the score has been cleverly done by the composer. Another of Messrs. Novello's recent publications is a short cantata upon the subject of "King Harold," by Mr. F. Cunningham Woods, till lately organist of Exeter College, Oxford. This little work was produced at the Crystal Palace last month, and should at once command the attention of small choral societies. Only two solo vocalists are required for its performance, and the choruses, though vigorously written, are simple and straightforward.

* * * *

Mr. Edwin Ashdown's output of music for the pianoforte is practically unlimited. From a large number of pieces received this month, all of them excellent in their way, I have put aside for special notice, "La Fleur et l'Oiseau," and "Feuille de Rose," two dainty trifles by Adeline Allison; "Gladys," a gavotte by Franz Bernstein; and "Studentlied," by that prolific writer, Ignace Gisone. Seymour Smith's "Court Ball," described as a "march-gavotte" (whatever that may be), will find favour with young players who like something bright and tuneful. "Twelve Movements from Handel's Concertos," admirably arranged for the organ by J. Wodehouse, are well worthy the attention of organists. They are melodious in character and comparatively easy of execution. I can also recommend Arthur B. Plant's Sonatina in C minor, from "Three Pieces for the Organ." The Barcarolle from the same series is less spontaneous, and, to my mind, not quite so pleasing.

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Pieces for which I expect a large demand are "Egyptian Queen Valse," and "Merry Step Schottische," by Oscar May; and Felix Burn's waltz, "A Promise of Love," publications of Messrs. Patey & Willis. These are all melodiously written, and, what is of no small importance with compositions of this kind, attractively got up. Of a more ambitious type, but no less tuneful, are King Hall's "Society Dances" (Joseph Williams). Messrs. Patterson & Sons are the publishers of a set of short pieces, "Sechs Leichte Klavierstücke" (a formidable looking title is it not?), composed and inscribed to the students of the Guildhall School of Music, by Anton Strelezki.

* * * *

A friend of Mdlle. Cecile Chaminade tells me that accomplished little lady is, at the time I am writing, due in London for a few weeks' visit. I hope she has a good stock of MSS. with her, for the delightful melodies which flow so freely from her pen always find a ready welcome here. Messrs. Joseph Williams and Enoch & Sons publish two of her latest songs, "Ninette" and "The Golden Hour," both of which possess that indefinable charm which is characteristic of the fair Parisian's compositions. Two other capital songs, published by Mr. Joseph Williams, are "The Time of Roses," and "For Ever," both in Mr. F. H. Cowen's best style. Messrs. Patey & Willis are sending out some good songs. "By the Castle Wall," is by a writer whose name is sufficient guarantee of excellence, Mr. J. L. Roeckel. "Twilight Music," by J. Michael Watson, is a quiet little song with a pleasing refrain which will add to its popularity. From Mr. Ashdown I have quantity as well as quality. In "Good Night," and "Good Morning," Miss Alice Borton has set some pretty music to Lord Houghton's pleasant lines. Anton Strelezki's "Ragged Robin," is as attractive as the flower itself. "An Angel Singing," by Tito Mattei, is a beautiful song of the semi-sacred type. Sung by a competent vocalist, it would make a good impression at a concert or in the drawing-room. I must also mention some excellent songs by a composer whose name is new to me, Arthur Miles

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Moss, published by Messrs. Weekes & Co. A setting of some words attributed to Robert Burns, "Here's a Bottle and an Honest Friend," is especially characteristic and clever.

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The influence of Schubert and Schumann on the present day song-literature is increasing, and public taste is being gradually raised in this as well as in other forms of musical art. "An English Series of Original Songs" (Weekes & Co.), edited by J. R. Courtenay Gale and Charlton T. Speer, is an attempt to introduce a

class of vocal works by eminent native composers, in which genuine poetry shall be united to really good music. The editors are to be congratulated upon the first numbers of the series. Sir A. C. Mackenzie, Professor Stanford, Dr. George J. Bennett, and Mr. Stewart Macpherson, are amongst those who have already contributed, and the songs bearing their names are all distinguished by artistic qualities of a high order. "What does little Birdie say?" by the last-named gentleman, is perhaps the gem of the collection, so far as it has gone. I shall look for subsequent numbers with interest.



Chopin's Greater Works.



THOSE who know Kleczynski's little book on "The Works of Chopin and their Proper Interpretation," will give a hearty welcome to the series of lectures by the same author on Chopin's greater works which Miss Janotha has just translated. In his former lectures the author pointed out the desirability of making a special analysis of all the more important compositions of the French composer. Such analyses would undoubtedly prove of much value to both student and player; but in the present volume there is only room to deal with some of the more characteristic of the master's works. Kleczynski is a genuine Chopin enthusiast. In some of his former lectures the endeavour was made to point out the remarkable characteristics of the composer's compositions, such as their melodiousness, their constant *legato*, their simplicity, their graceful *rubato*, their sentiment of passion; while in regard to the technical part of Chopin's works it was remarked that interpreters of this master, more than those of any other, require a touch of exquisite beauty. It is only a happy combination of the qualities named which can form the ideal executant, and the ideal executant of Chopin, Kleczynski declares that he has not yet encountered.

As a whole, the works of Chopin represent to us the pianoforte in its noble grandeur as an instrument full of poetry and clearness of tone, with a melody which includes that of the human voice. The fluent *legato* in the first place is thoroughly vocal, brought out by gliding fingers, and the almost continuous changing use of the pedal, the softness of the cantilena, of which the tones, at first delicate, then more and more clearly marked with a rippling murmur, move on and on. All these are striking peculiarities in the works of Chopin. Every one knows that a beautiful *legato* cannot be attained without a graceful and practised touch. That noble roundness of tone which the singer acquires by soft breathing through the throat, and the violinist by a skilfully gentle pressure of the bow, is reached by the pianist through a pressure of his fingers which is soft and not forced; and in the case of a stronger note, through the elasticity of the arm, as distinguished from violence or heaviness. These points are of immense importance in the present connection; for no composer loses so much through the want of a beautiful tone on the part of the executant as Chopin, who requires from the player a greater perfection of nuances, a greater poetizing of each note, as it were, than any other composer.

The use of the pedal, moreover, or rather of both pedals, is a matter of the greatest moment, and we are glad to find that our author has dwelt upon it in some detail. The pedal, so important an agent in elucidating the composer's meaning and in rendering the tone plastic, becomes, through improper use, like a wet sponge rudely passed over a beautiful picture. Talleyrand says that language was given to man to conceal his thoughts, and the pedal seems to have been given precisely for that purpose to a great number of pianists. In dealing with this subject Kleczynski begins by observing that not only are two different harmonies on two

different keys dissonant, but that as a matter of fact two sounds belonging to one and the same chord ought not to be joined in pedal if they produce melody in the single note; for in this case the sounds, heard together, would make a momentary duet, which a third sound would convert into a trio, and so on. As an example he takes the beginning of the well-known prelude in D flat, and shows that whereas the melody notes are F, D flat, A flat, the effect produced on the ear by the usual manner of employing the pedal is as follows:



This, certainly, is in accordance neither with the intention of the composer nor with good taste. The pedal ought to be released after the second quaver in the left hand, and again after the sixth. In Chopin's works, as in those of almost all other composers, we meet with many editorial pedal marks which are entirely false. At the same time we ought to remember that some of these markings were no doubt influenced by the imperfect construction of the old-time piano, which, being weaker in tone, required to be strengthened and prolonged by means of the pedal more frequently than is the case with our modern instruments. Fifty years ago some of the markings then in use would have sounded quite agreeable to the ear; whereas to follow these markings now would rob many of Chopin's works of all their grace.

Our author has some very sensible remarks on those fantastic flights of *tempo*, in which some latter-day players of Chopin are wont to indulge. Some years ago it was stated in a German periodical that to make the performance of Chopin's works pleasing it is sufficient to play them with less precision of rhythm than the music of other composers. Kleczynski, on the contrary, declares that he does not know a single phrase of Chopin's works, including even the freest amongst them, in which, as he somewhat clumsily expresses it, "the balloon of inspiration, as it moves through the air, is not checked by an anchor of rhythm and symmetry." Such passages as occur in the F minor Prelude, the B flat Scherzo (the middle part), the F minor Prelude, and even the A flat Impromptu are not devoid of rhythm. The most crooked recitative of the F minor Concerto, as can easily be proved, has a fundamental rhythm which is not at all fantastic, and which cannot be dispensed with when playing with orchestra. If only we understand and thoroughly impress ourselves with this rule, namely, that Chopin never overdoes fantasy, and is always restrained by a pronounced aesthetical instinct, we shall have a hint as to the style in which his most difficult works should be played, such as the C sharp Etude, the Ballads in F major and G, etc. Everywhere the simplicity of his poetical inspiration and his sobriety will save us from extravagance and false pathos.

It would be obviously impossible to discuss here in detail the various analyses of the Nocturnes, Ballads, Polonaises, and other

works of Chopin presented by our author. He begins with the Nocturnes, remarking rightly that by a thorough and correct comprehension of these the player can acquire a key to unlock the mysteries of the other and more magnificent works of the master. He then takes the Ballads, in which Chopin shows almost to the fullest extent the originality, and at the same time the perfection, of his forms, besides an uncommon poetical substance. One detail, to which he directs special attention, plays an important part in these compositions. This detail clearly exhibits the difference between the romantic and the classical schools, and justifies their distinctive names. It is the tendency of more modern composers towards *rubato*, and the introduction of vocal forms in pianoforte music that necessitate a greater freedom in the execution. As a matter of fact *rubato* existed even in Bach; we meet with it in the A Rondo of Mozart, as well as in the trio in B flat, and the last sonatas of Beethoven. Chopin employs it very frequently, and for this reason some of his themes are very difficult to perform, and easily lend themselves to exaggeration. To this class belong the introductory themes to the first Ballad in G minor, as well as to the second in F. This continual wavering of the theme is unquestionably a new principle compared with the usually strict form of Beethoven's sonatas. To show how such parts ought to be performed is not easy; for here the individuality of the executant has much to do with the rendering. There is in this case an inspiration, a fantasy, in one word a creative power, without whose vivifying principles these parts of the music will always look like moonlit silhouettes, devoid of independent life. But what we call punctuation and musical phrasing have a very appropriate office here, and render great assistance. To know where the phrase begins, where it ends; to know which notes are strong and which are weak; not to lengthen the phrases too much if they extend over several bars; and, what is very important, not to play any musical theme in the same way twice—these are points on which a competent knowledge, though it will not replace individuality, will at any rate serve as right hand to it. It will be a foundation on which, when the executant has obtained a firm footing, he can venture to take flights freely.

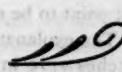
In connection with the Ballad in G, Kleczynski quotes a very curious story from a little book entitled "Chopin's Adventure." According to this work, Chopin, during the first year of his success in Paris, was constantly haunted by a certain obstinate Englishman who would sit immediately opposite him and listen to his playing with riveted attention. Chopin always felt himself transfixed by that gaze, and conceived a settled dread of the Englishman. When one evening at the Countess d'Agoult's he was prevailed on by the entreaties of the hostess to play the Ballad in G, that lady allowed him to be approached by the mysterious Englishman, who introduced himself to the composer and declared that he wished to take lessons of him. "And are you already an accomplished player?" the artist inquired. "I do not know a single note," was the calm reply; "but notwithstanding that, I must take lessons from you and play that Ballad as you play it." "But, sir, what you demand is an impossibility." "Yet it must be as I say," replied the Englishman with decision. Chopin shuddered, but refused the lessons with firmness. The Englishman saluted coldly and went out. Returning home at an advanced hour, Chopin parted from some friends, and turning into a side street was suddenly blindfolded, placed in a carriage, and driven away to a neighbourhood to which he was a stranger. There in a secluded villa, gorgeously furnished, the Englishman told Chopin decisively that he would remain a prisoner until he had taught him the Ballad in G, adding that he would pay a princely fee for the instruction. The story goes on to say that after a month of study the Englishman already knew the greater part of the com-

position, and then Chopin was released. There is probably not an atom of truth in this tale, but it is dramatic enough to be worth quoting.

One of the most interesting items in Kleczynski's little volume is Chopin's outline notes for a "Method of Methods." These notes were given by Chopin's sister after his death to the Princess Czartoryska, the friend and pupil of the composer. They show that Chopin took quite a novel view of pianoforte technique. For example, he says that in learning the scales it is unnecessary to begin with that of C, which is the easiest to read but *the most difficult to play*, as it lacks the support afforded by the black notes! He would take first of all the scale of G flat, "which places the hand regularly, utilizing the long fingers for the black keys." From this he would work back to the scale of C, using each time one finger less on the black keys. The shake should be played with three fingers, or with four as an exercise. The chromatic scale should be practised with the thumb, the forefinger, and middle finger; also with the little finger, the third, and the middle fingers. In thirds, as in sixths and octaves, the same fingers should always be used. Then the composer goes on to say that no one notices inequality in the power of the notes of a scale when it is played very fast and equally as regards time. In a good mechanism the aim is, not to play everything with an equal tone, but to acquire a beautiful quality of sound and a perfect shading. For a long time players have acted against nature in seeking to give an equal power to each finger. On the contrary, each finger should have an appropriate part assigned to it. The thumb has the greatest power, being the thickest finger and the freest. Then comes the little finger. The middle finger is the main support of the hand, and is assisted by the first. Finally comes the third, the weakest one. As to this Siamese twin of the middle finger—bound by one and the same ligament—some players try to force it with all their might to become independent—a thing impossible and most likely unnecessary. There are many different qualities of sound, just as there are several fingers. The point is to utilize the differences, and this, in other words, is the art of fingering. Such in brief is Chopin's "method." It is interesting as a matter of course, but it is not convincing. It is certainly not practical, for it would be impossible to build up upon it such a technique as is required in these days of virtuosity.

In closing this notice of an admirable little work we wish that Miss Janotha's translation could be unreservedly praised. As a matter of fact it is full of errors of many kinds. We read (p. 74) of "the monotonous rumour" of the pianoforte pedal. In regard to the Nocturne in B flat minor, we read (p. 45): "There should, as it were, be very unfrequent breathing on the part of the performer so as not to interrupt the thought." What on earth does this mean? On page 57 something is said about "a creative power without whose verifying principles," etc. The grammar, too, is everywhere in need of correction. Here are a few samples: "The general lines of the thought remains the same" (p. 28); "The characteristic features of Chopin's genius is such" (p. 32); "The principal themes . . . occurs" (p. 39); and so on. A theme presents itself with "indescribable riches of detail" (p. 37); the playing of a certain Prelude "should be at no distance from equality" (p. 48); the right hand in a particular study "usually answers with a degree of discretion" (p. 50); and so forth. The punctuation, moreover, is often ridiculous. Here is a specimen: "The Prelude in C must be played twice the first time with less, the second with greater haste in the middle part" (p. 47). Here is another: "The tempest is suddenly hushed and a calm follows after which," etc. (p. 56). In the Preface we read that "Mr. Sutherland Edwards has most kindly edited this translation." What, then, are the duties of an editor?




Our Contemporaries.


THE date of the first use of the bâton in England has long been a debated point. Incredible as it may seem, Dr. Murray's great English Dictionary gives 1867 as the earliest dated reference to the use of the word in English literature. It is evident that Dr. Murray has not had many musical helpers to aid him in his monumental work; or, if he has, they have shown a lamentable ignorance in regard to the matter of the bâton. Into the history of this subject Mr. F. G. Edwards goes with his usual thoroughness in an exceedingly interesting article in the *Musical Times*. Mr. Edwards shows that the bâton came into general use in England about the third decade of the present century. Up to that time, the conductor, in the present acceptance of the term, was almost unknown. There were, however, instances of a conductor who really did beat time. Samuel Wesley, in one of his lectures, delivered in 1827, said: "I remember that in the time of Dr. Boyce it was customary to mark the measure to the orchestra with a roll of parchment or paper in hand, and this usage is yet continued at St. Paul's Cathedral, at the musical performances for the sons of the clergy." Wesley goes on to say that the custom was not followed at the theatres and oratories. It is, therefore, certain that the conductor, as a time-beater, was the exception and not the rule. When Spohr conducted at the Philharmonic in 1820, he used the bâton for the first time in the ordinary way. When he drew the stick from his pocket at rehearsal, some of the directors were quite alarmed, and they became pacified only when Spohr besought them to give him at least one trial. Everything turned out well; but the bâton did not appear again until Weber used it on his visit to England in 1826. Even he conducted with a roll of paper. Three years later, that is to say in 1829, Mendelssohn, then twenty years of age, appeared at a Philharmonic concert, when he conducted his Symphony in C minor. He used what he called a "white stick," which he had made on purpose. In 1832, Mendelssohn was again in London, and again conducted with a bâton, and from that date the occupation of the old "leader" was practically gone. I am glad to see that Mr. Bennett has evidently made up his mind to get on without his favourite cuttings from the provincial press. The *Musical Standard* remarked lately: "The baiting of obscure musical critics, in which a contemporary is so fond of indulging, is apt to become extremely wearisome, for at best it is very cheap sport." That is what I have always said. But then it is such an easy way of filling out Mr. Bennett's usual monthly space.

From *Musical Opinion* I cull just one little item. It is a story about Signor Tosti. A lady once called at his studio. She intended, she told him, to sing two of his songs that evening, and she would like to run them over with him at once. Signor Tosti replied with acerbity and slow emphasis, that he much regretted that he had no time for an immediate lesson. At this the lady incontinently leaped out at him, and with affronted dignity informed him that in that case she would not sing his songs. And Signor Tosti at once shook hands enthusiastically with the accommodating singer, saying, "Thank you so much for that favour!"

The biographical sketch in the *Musical Herald* this month is given up to Mr. P. H. Diemer, of Bedford. Mr. Diemer was a pupil of the Royal Academy of Music when the male students wore a uniform like a midshipman's, with brass buttons bearing the letters R.A.M., and a cap with a peak. Sullivan was there at that time. He played several instruments in turn, especially wind, but generally gravitated to the drums. Of the current craze for examinations in music Mr. Diemer takes a sensible view. "If I had my choice," he says, "I should prefer to follow my own course as a teacher. But one is bound to yield to the public demand for diplomas and certificates. In some cases these examinations do good. One can teach a better class of music, and put technique

more to the front while preparing for them. If the pupil complains, the responsibility is borne by the institution which prescribes the examination, not by the teacher." On the other hand, there are many disadvantages connected with the system. A pupil who passes the Associated Board examination will often imagine he has nothing more to learn, and as likely as not will put a plate on his door and begin to teach. Again, the teacher has to give all his pupils the same pieces, instead of consulting their individual bent and capacity. Small hands have the same stretches as large hands; a girl who inclines to the romantic school is forced into the classical, and may have to learn pieces quite foreign to her nature. The teacher, moreover, cannot choose the pieces.—Mr. Curwen has an editorial note upon our symposium in the May number. He thinks that the leading men who were asked to say whether the musical profession is overcrowded, are not qualified to pronounce an opinion on the subject. There is always room at the top, and the big men, holding fixed incomes from important appointments, turning away pupils and refusing engagements day after day, get out of touch with the real grind of the rank and file. A more pertinent inquiry, in Mr. Curwen's opinion, would be whether fees for lessons are going down among ordinary teachers; and he fears that in many cases they are. However, the musical profession is only suffering like the other professions, and it must bear its trouble as best it can. To talk of restricting the output of teachers by a legal "register" is hopeless. The House of Commons would laugh at the idea. Musicians realize the difference between good and bad teaching, but politicians don't. "The public have their choice," they will say, "and must exercise it. The law cannot interfere." There is a momentous paragraph in this month's *Herald* which I must not forget to quote. Here it is: "At Wingfield, Norfolk, the secretary and assistant secretary of the Musical Union have been presented with an umbrella and walking-stick respectively." Prodigios!

The best thing in the *Musical Record* is Dr. Carl Reinecke's Recollections of Liszt. We hear a good deal about a certain lunch at Leipzig, in 1848, when Liszt rejected champagne with disdain, and remarked how odd it was that he should have the reputation of drinking a great deal of champagne and often breaking strings, when in reality he neither did the one nor the other. At that time he liked a glass of champagne brandy better than the best champagne. When he offered it to Ernst and Reinecke at the aforesaid luncheon, the former declined for the latter, remarking, "Reinecke is a Puritan who takes no brandy." To this Liszt replied, "You are quite right, my dear Reinecke; I am giving up the practice myself." All the same, he took his cup of coffee with a dash of cognac in it. "In the evening," says Reinecke, "Liszt desired me to play to him, since I could not take any active interest in the rubber which had been arranged in the meantime. But when I perceived that he drank 'grog' during the whist playing, I could not, in my astonishment, refrain from the question whether, perhaps, he were taking a holiday to-day from the 'giving up' process. He laughed and said, 'No,' adding that one can only wean himself from such a practice very gradually; and then he told me of many heroic deeds of this kind in his early years." It is somewhat amusing to find Reinecke declaring that "it has been a lifelong grief to me never to have been able to prove my gratitude to this great artist and good man by honest admiration of his compositions." Many of us are in the same boat, but then we never had the refusal of Liszt's champagne brandy!—Professor Prout concludes his articles on Sebastian Bach's handwriting with a description of the autographs of several more or less familiar works. One curious and interesting point he brings out in connection with the cantata, *Wir danken dir, Gott*. This cantata opens with a long symphony for full orchestra, with organ obbligato

JULY, 1896.

The key is D major, and the point to be noticed is, that the organ part is written in C major. The explanation of this is, that in the last century two different pitches were in use—the "Kammerton" and "Chorton" ("Chamber-pitch" and "Choir-pitch"). The former was that employed for orchestral instruments, and (allowing for the rise in pitch during the past century) corresponded to that now in use. The "Chorton" was a full tone higher in pitch, and was adopted on most organs—probably by the organ builders, to save the expense of the lowest pipes. Consequently, if the organ had to be played with the orchestra, the part had to be transposed a tone. The organ in the Thomaskirche, where Bach played, was "Chorton"; therefore in the separate parts of his cantatas we usually find a transposed organ part. In general this is only a figured bass; and as the *continuo* was also to be played by the violoncello and double-bass, it was not transposed in the score. Here, however, where the basses have a separate staff, and the organ is *obbligato*, the part is written in C, which, of course, was the D of the other instruments. We speak in these later days of the difficulties of the pitch question, but these are slight compared to what they must have been in Bach's time.

There is not a bad story about Barnby in the *Nonconformist Musical Journal*, though some people may be inclined to question its good taste. A young contralto, who is already known for her very fine voice, was engaged at a Handel concert which Sir Joseph was conducting. In the course of rehearsal she substituted in one of her solos a high note for the less effective note usually sung. This innovation from so young a performer shocked the conductor, and he immediately asked whether Miss—thought she was right in trying to improve upon Handel. "Well, Sir Joseph," said she, "I've got an E, and I don't see why I shouldn't show it off." "Miss—," rejoined Barnby, "I believe you have two knees, but I hope you won't show them off there." I doubt very much the authenticity of this anecdote.—Mr. George H. Ely has a paper giving excellent advice to organists on the matter of "How to keep on good terms with everybody." Mr. Ely recognises the difficulty of carrying out the Apostolic injunction which bids you live peaceably with all men; but he thinks it can be done by adopting certain principles. First, you are to keep in mind the fable of the old man and the ass, and, acting on the moral of that ancient story, you are not to run the risk of pleasing no one by trying to please everybody. Certainly if a man cannot serve two masters, still less can he serve a multitude; and the organist who sets himself to please minister, choir, and congregation will very likely succeed in setting them all by the ears. And, indeed, for the organist to set deliberately before him as his aim the mere pleasing of his employers is to demoralise himself and court disaster. The obsequious man, all smiles, squeezable, Protean like a jelly-fish, all things to all men, brings himself into contempt with himself and his neighbours. His sincerity is suspected; no one trusts him; he becomes a nonentity. In the recently-published memoirs of Gounod there is an admirable lesson for the Church musician in this connection. On his return from Rome as a student Gounod entered on his first appointment as parish organist. Some time after the priest sent for him, and said that the congregation wanted the music to be "more cheerful and entertaining." He asked him to change his style, and give in to them a little. "My dear Abbé," was the reply, "I didn't come here to consult the taste of your parishioners, but to improve it." Gounod offered to resign; the Abbé took him at his word, and they parted the best of friends. Half an hour later the priest sent his servant to Gounod, and desired him to come back to his house. Gounod assured him that there was no middle course—that he would not yield one jot. After a pause the Abbé said, "Well, then, you had better stop." Of course it would not always be politic for the organist to adopt such an independent attitude as this. If one has to deal with any of those ministers characterised by Mr. Ely as "icebergs, blocks of granite, theological treatises in black coats, whom it is impossible to thaw, to soften, to comprehend"—in such a case it is better to bear the ills you have than fly to others you know not of. But, in

regard to the choir, there is no doubt about the soundness of Mr. Ely's advice never to see the same lady home two nights in succession.

The subject of *The Lute's* portrait and biography is Mr. George Riseley, the organist of Bristol Cathedral, who is a power for musical good not only in Bristol, but in the West of England generally. Mr. Riseley went to the cathedral in 1876 as the successor of Mr. J. D. Corfe. Previously (in 1870) he had been selected as organist at the Colston Hall, one of the finest concert buildings in the kingdom, and perhaps the finest in the West of England. At the Colston Hall Mr. Riseley inaugurated a series of classical and popular recitals, which had an immense educational value. During this period he was at the same time perfecting himself in the higher branches of organ-playing, and by every one who has listened to his masterly rendering of Bach's fugues at the Bristol Cathedral he is acknowledged as one of the foremost, soundest, and most brilliant players in the profession. Mr. Riseley has since 1878 been director of the Bristol Orpheus Glee Society, a body of male singers, which he has raised to a pitch of excellence that is quite beyond praise. The gleemen, it will be remembered, exhibited their charming and truly marvellous powers of refinement and expression at a concert in St. James's Hall last April.—I am glad to see that *The Lute* follows the lead of the MAGAZINE OF MUSIC in protesting against such forms of "charity" as are involved in the recent Lady Hallé testimonial. Here is a quotation for which I gladly find room: "While we regard Lady Hallé with all the respect due to her as a violinist, we cannot but think that she ought not to be in need of such a testimonial, and that the money could have been far more properly laid out in relieving real distress among Lady Hallé's humbler colleagues. Crowned heads, Princes and Dukes—carrying behind them the inevitable long tail of snobs who love even such association with Lords as a newspaper mention can afford—eagerly put down their money for one who did not much want it. She has a violin, and she can play it. It is melancholy to reflect that a less fashionable, if equally efficient, instrumentalist might stand an excellent chance of starving in the gutter before he obtained relief from any but the relieving officer!" This is well said, and I am only sorry to find that most of my contemporaries have made themselves a part of "the inevitable long tail of snobs."

Orchestral players are occasionally referred to as hard-headed men. Undoubtedly these interesting specimens of society have misfortunes enough hanging over them to give their heads a certain amount of resistance. The ever-recurring prospect of his theatre closing is a training which ought, in the long run, to have a hardening effect upon the man in the band. But, all things combining to keep it screwed on the right way, the descent of an opera-glass from the second circle box is calculated to undo much that training may have done to keep a head in its proper place. The Orchestral Association *Gazette* tells of several instances which have occurred lately of opera-glasses falling over into the orchestra, in one case there being a really "narrow squeak." No doubt the customary system of a handsome plush covering, well padded to make it comfortable for the occupants of the box to lean upon, has its advantages, though it must be admitted that the system offers little security as a table for opera-glasses. Something quite flat with a beading outside would be safer, and would be at least one danger less to heads, orchestral and otherwise, down below.

The Pianist is a comparatively new monthly journal, which comes to me from New York. It seems to be given largely to exploiting the "Practice Clavier" of Mr. A. K. Virgil, but there are some things in it of more general interest. A recent number contains, for example, a very sensible article on "The Essentials of a Good Piano Teacher," by Mr. Alfred Veit. Some one once remarked that, in order to be a successful pianist, the first thing required was technic, second technic, and then again technic. So, in piano teaching, Mr. Veit thinks that the first requisite is patience, second patience, and then again patience. There are pupils whose nerves

are so delicately constituted that the simplest word pronounced above the ordinary tone of voice will paralyse and frustrate their best efforts. The irritable, excitable individual is consequently not intended for the career of a teacher. Sympathy, again, must naturally exist between teacher and pupil. It is not necessary to treat every pupil with Chesterfieldian grace, and especially should familiarity be avoided; but grumpy, disagreeable manners are not conducive to a teacher's popularity, and may often be the secret cause of his non-success. Mr. Veit was once told by a young lady that the way her teacher entered the room and greeted her decided the character of the lesson for the day. If his "Good morning" was affable and pleasant, everything went well: her fingers flew over the keys, and the lesson terminated to the satisfaction of both pupil and teacher. If, on the contrary, the master's salute consisted of a cold nod, a scarcely perceptible motion of the hand to begin, the result was quite the reverse. Everything seemed to go wrong. The passages lost their brilliancy and clearness, the expression became hard and mechanical, and the lesson often ended with the determination of the pupil to leave the "horrid brute" then and for ever. These hints may be of some service to that large body of unfortunates represented by the man whose epitaph read, "Hell has no terrors for me, for on earth I was a piano-teacher." But I must not forget to note what Mr. Veit says about Leschetizky, the instructor of Paderewski and many more *virtuosi* of the day. This king of teachers is first of all a student of human nature. When a pupil applies to him for lessons, he makes a diagnosis of the case as a physician does when treating a patient. His eagle eye seems to pierce one's very soul, questioning the sincerity of one's ambition, energy, and perseverance. If the pupil's style is hard and unsympathetic, and lacks rhythm, Leschetizky will prescribe compositions like Schulhoff's "Serenade Espagnole," the very mention of which will send a shiver down the backs of some of our native teachers. As an introduction to the modern brilliant school Leschetizky gives Thalberg in large quantities (another composer whose works are considered "too antiquated" by the purists). It is through this broad, liberal policy that the great teacher achieves the excellent results we all admire to-day.

In the Berlin *Tageblatt* I find a very amusing burlesque of the methods adopted by the French singing-masters. There is M. Delsarte, for example. When a young man goes to this professor, something like the following dialogue takes place: "Have you courage?" The young man replies in the affirmative. "Well, I warn you my way is severe. But we will try it. Run down my six flights of stairs as quickly as possible, and then run up again crying out 'Bonifacio' in varying tones. Do that for eight days, an hour

and a half each day. Then we shall see about beginning lessons." The famous M. Wartel is less severe, though equally original. He asks a candidate to vocalize with closed mouth, and, if a protest be entered against the possibility of such a thing, exclaims, "So much the worse! You must do it if I am to be your professor." A well-known tenor employs a stranger method still. A young lady goes to him, and is met by an order to stretch herself at full length upon a couch. She remonstrates, but finally obeys, and then the master piles upon her a heap of books, surmounting the whole with a glass filled with water. "Now sing," he commands. "Sing, sir!" exclaims the victim. "Yes, my child; in singing you must breathe as little as possible. When you sing thus, so as not to spill the water, I will undertake your training." This is all an exaggeration, of course; but it illustrates admirably the fads against which the vocal student has to contend.

In the Chicago *Music* I find Mr. Dudley Buck's opinion of the future of musical art in America. Of course it is optimistic. There may be still a halo of romance about Europeans, but Mr. Buck tells his countrymen that, going abroad, they will find they are not so immeasurably high after all. "All we need is the opportunity, and we will find some one who will rise equal to it. The old New England stock, with consumption and too much pie and too little blood, is dying out." Mr. Dudley Buck believes that good art is always a product of good blood; he says the Americans are finding it so from their mingling with the Norwegians, the Swedes, and the Germans. "There is a champagne effervescence in this country, a progress which absorbs the best of all nationalities which come here. This will do much for music. To be good in art, as in anything, people must be robust and healthy." So says Mr. Dudley Buck. Did Chopin, then, produce nothing that was "good in art"? After this, it seems hardly worth noticing the statement that "The Americans, as a rule, are a hundred-fold ahead of the people of England in musical culture." There are some things in which they are certainly ahead of us, and impudence is one of them.

To the *Scottish Musical Review* Mr. Shedlock is contributing a series of articles on that well-worn theme, Bach's "Well-Tempered Clavier." There are two separate notices of Madame Schumann: one tells us that she died on May 19, the other gives the date as May 21; one says her last visit to London was in 1888, the other says it was in the spring of 1887. So is history written. There is an interview with Mlle. de Lussan, who proclaims the heresy that a great deal of Wagner's music bores her. His orchestration is too noisy, and that is why his works are so exacting to the singer.



Our Music Supplement.

TN consideration of the season, and with the holidays in view, the Editor has thoughtfully provided a light bill of fare this month. None of the pieces in the present number call for detailed analysis, and a very few remarks about one of them will be all that is necessary.

TARANTELLA. (*Percy E. Hughes.*)

Here we have a dance of an entirely different type, of which Goethe, in his "Italian Journey," gives the following description: "The Tarantella is a great favourite of the girls belonging to the middle and lower classes of Naples. Three persons are required to dance it: one beats the tambourine and shakes its bells from time to time in the intervals of striking the parchment; the two others, with castanets in their hands, dance the simple steps. The tarantella, like almost all popular dances, does not consist of

regular steps; the girls rather walk or move rhythmically, turning round, changing places, or tripping about whilst they keep opposite each other. The tarantella is merely an amusement for girls—no boy would touch a tambourine or dance to it; the girls, however, pass their pleasantest hours in dancing the tarantella, and it has often served as a distraction for melancholy. It is also considered an excellent remedy for the bite of a peculiar spider. This insect's bite heals only, through the effects of exercise, which this dance liberally furnishes; but again, the passion for the dance itself is known to have grown into a sort of mania."

The fiery animation of the Tarantella is one of its chief qualities, and if it is not so marked in Mr. Hughes' composition as in other older specimens, the player must do his best to supply the deficiency.



Organ and Choir.



Parsons and Organists. What extraordinary things have occurred owing to misunderstandings between clergymen and organists! Organs have been closed, and congregations deprived of instrumental music; parishes have been in an uproar; rival organists have striven for the possession of an organ-stool; and in one of our colonies an organ is actually said to have been gas-tarred! Somebody has remarked that every clergyman is an abomination to his organist. Things are not quite so bad as that, but they are bad enough when minister and organist fall out and create a scandal in their locality over the question of who is to choose the music for the church service. The problem to be solved is evidently this: How shall it be arranged that the organist shall, in a proper and responsible manner, be allowed to direct the music, and yet the clergyman maintain his position in the church? To begin with, there is no doubt that legally the clergyman's power is absolute. It is a mistake—I wish it were not—to suppose that an organist has any power or authority whatever by virtue of his office. The clergyman can say whether certain parts of the service shall be sung or not; and as he is responsible for the proper conduct of the service, it is reasonable that he should have this power. But surely it can never have been intended that clergymen should choose and direct the music in their churches without having the necessary qualifications for so doing. Much less could it have been supposed that clergymen, practically ignorant of music, would seek to perform the duties of musical directors when churches were supplied with skilled professional musicians for the purpose. However, as the reverend author of "Chapters on Church Music" remarks, the law undoubtedly places great power in the hands of the clergyman, which he may use either for good or for evil. If applied to control a foolish organist, it will be a wise use of the power; but, on the other hand, it is a stupid abuse of power to apply it where it is uncalled for.

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The Organist's Duty. What the organist requires to recognise, then, is this, that contention with a clergyman about the choice of tunes or the direction of the music is useless. A clergyman, if his organist persisted in disobeying him, might stop the contention by closing the organ, and, if the appointment rested solely with him, as it often does, he might dismiss the organist. If the appointment rested with others, the result would be a very painful dispute, in which the organist, if a popular man, would have the sympathy of the congregation generally, and probably of the wardens, while the clergyman would be supported by his own more intimate friends. If the well-wishers of the organist gained the day, their victory would be fruitless, for the clergyman could order the organ to be kept closed. And even if he did not go to this extreme, there are many other ways open to him of making the organist feel disgusted and unhappy. In short, the best thing an organist can do when he finds that he has to deal with a clergyman who is determined to "have his own way" is to resign at once. If pecuniary considerations stand in the way of his doing that, the only course open to him is to sink the artist and quietly do the bidding of the clergyman. Of course everybody knows that in most cases parsons, by troubling themselves about the music defeat their own purposes. They would best insure having good music by securing the services of good organists, and then leaving the choir and the direction of the music in their hands.

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A Clerical Musician. Writing on this subject leads me to note the recent publication of the life of an eminent clerical musician, Sir Frederick Gore Ouseley. Next month I hope to give a somewhat detailed account of the book in another column. Meantime here is a little story. Sir Frederick, as occupant of the Cambridge Chair of Music, had some curious experiences, not the least amusing of which was a species of strike after an organ recital in

the Sheldonian, when he received this laconic epistle: "Sir,—We bluffed for you on Tuesday. Is we to be paid? And is you to pay us?—Yours, THE BLOWISTS." Sir Frederick was a bachelor, and when his friends taunted him on the subject, he remarked whimsically, "I prefer my piano to a wife, because I can always, when desirable, shut her up!"

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Praying for the Chorister. Certain people who have very little to engage their minds have lately been exercising themselves on the question of whether the dead should be prayed for. In a recent sermon in St. Paul's, Canon Scott Holland made allusion to the death of "one of the little singers in the choir." "We miss him sorely," said the Canon, and addressing himself to the regular worshippers of the Cathedral, he asked them to join in prayer for their little friend, that he might rest in peace. The *Record* says: "There was a momentary hush throughout the vast Cathedral, a silence as of the grave, and hearts were touched and eyes were moist at the reference to the little friend." Canon Bell writes to the same paper: "So says the report, and I do not wonder at the stillness, for the preacher by his words gave a direct sanction in the Metropolitan Cathedral to prayers for the dead, and not only so, but in asking for the prayers of the congregation for the young chorister, he made a virtual acknowledgment that the boy was not resting in peace. If he were—if 'after having cast off the burden of flesh he were in joy and felicity,' to use the words of our Burial Service, what need of such a prayer? If he were not, then where do we find in Scripture or in our Book of Common Prayer any authority for believing that prayer can alter or affect the state of the dead?"

Poor little chorister! Perhaps, on the whole, Canon Bell is right; and in any case it would be better to pray for choristers when they are living. Choirs have complained before now that parsons ignore them in their petitions. Probably the parsons think them past praying for; but if that is the case while they are here in the flesh, it must be a hopeless business praying for them when they have shuffled off the mortal coil.

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Women in Choirs. Speaking about church choirs reminds me that the Cardinal Archbishop of Paris has again raised the question of the employment of women in church choirs, and, with the direct authority of the Pope, has forbidden women to take part either as soloists or choristers in Roman Catholic Church services. The rule is somewhat absurd as applying to the Roman Catholic Church in so far as it is not made universal. If it is wrong to allow lady choristers in France, it must be equally wrong in England. It is said that the recent edict of the Cardinal Archbishop of Paris is due to the fact that the operatic *prima donnas* who gave their services to religion in the French capital drew audiences rather than congregations, and on one or two occasions the admirers of vocal art forgot the character of the place in which they were gathered together. However that may be, I agree with a contemporary in saying that it is an insult to women to forbid them to take part in the official celebration of divine worship. A female soprano voice is much more beautiful than the feeble piping of a boy soprano, and the one is certainly capable of infinitely more expression than the other. There may be some truth in the objection we sometimes hear that the inclusion of women in choirs makes the duties of a choir-master still more arduous than they are at present, but it is not certain that those who raise this objection have ever given the matter a fair trial. The objection, it is to be feared, is based on the old idea that when men and women are gathered together there must necessarily be a cause of jealousy and ill-feeling; and that is as erroneous as it is old-fashioned.

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Organ Recital Programmes. A well-known organist discussing this subject says that an organ recital had better be too short than too long. It should certainly not be above an hour and a quarter. For it is an undeniable fact that even to lovers of organ music the organ tone becomes wearisome at length, and sooner than that of most instruments. Should the programme contain other instrumental music in addition to the organ, or vocal selections, the length of the programme could be somewhat extended. Every organ recital programme should contain, if possible, a Bach selection and a sonata or organ symphony, or something of the kind to give it weight. The remainder of the programme may be selected from a lighter class of pieces to provide contrast and variety : such as marches, gavottes, variations, overtures, offertories, fantasias, pastorales, meditations, etc. The effect of the same composition will vary considerably when played on different organs, even after allowance has been made for the difference in tone colour.

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Sankey's Hymns. Musicians have never taken kindly to the ranting hymns and tunes of the Moody and Sankey collection.

It now appears that these same hymns have had something to do with the Armenian trouble. In a Foreign Office Blue Book the Consul at Angora says that the troubles between the Armenians and the Turks have been increased by translations of Moody and Sankey's hymns ; that the Turks' suspicions of the Christians have been deepened by the Sunday-school verses ; and the Christians' ardour strengthened by the fiery lines of the Protestant hymnal. The Consul explains that the imagery of Moody and Sankey is a thing which the simple Armenian and the unspeakable Turk do not understand. They interpret the valiant phrases literally, with the result that they get into difficulties. They read—“Like heroes fight the battle,” and then an Armenian goes and finds a Turk to kill. They sing “Hold the fort,” and then promptly load their pistols. Even “Onward, Christian soldiers” has been taken as an instigation to rebellion. As yet, however, we do not read that any one has placed himself at the head of a procession, singing—

“See the mighty host advancing,

“Satan leading on.”

That would be a literalism which even the Turk might not relish.

Professional versus Amateur. Dr. Turpin has been interviewed, and has spoken on the subject of entering the musical profession. People, he says, are always asking to be advised as to whether they should become professional musicians. The Doctor's answer to such people is ever the same : “There is room for genius, but for nothing short of that.” Which means either that Dr. Turpin is a genius or that—. But never mind. Dr. Turpin thinks that the amateur organist is of immense assistance to the professional. There are thousands of churches that cannot afford to pay an adequate salary to an organist. Here it is that the amateur steps in and undertakes the responsibility for the music in the church, but in no way interferes with the teaching in the district. Thus one professional organist in a small town can make a fair livelihood with his church *and* the teaching of the district. But what would that teaching be if professional organists were at all the other places of worship and it had to be divided amongst them? This is Dr. Turpin's view of the question. Alas! I know several small towns where all the organists are professionals, and where all are scrambling for a share of the little teaching there is. And does the amateur organist never undertake to give lessons?

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Removing an Organ. With reference to my last month's note on the removing of the Halifax, U.S., organ, Messrs. Bishop & Son, the well-known London organ builders, write :

The authorities of St. George's Church, Halifax, Nova Scotia, cannot claim any novelty for their method of removing the organ.

Some years ago we did precisely the same thing in a London church. We did not require the services of the “small army of carpenters,” however, but employed four men and a foreman (members of our regular staff). The organ stood in a gallery in the North Transept and was lowered and brought forward. Four Tangye's screw jacks were used, and the organ and gallery floor were first of all supported with a number of planks of wood piled carefully, and the weight taken by the screw jacks ; the beams and floor were then cut so that the gallery when lowered might be the right size to form the organ platform, and a man at each jack turned the screw at the word of command, a quarter of a turn at a time, the planks being gradually removed as the use of the jacks required.

The whole work was completed in about two hours, and a couple of days sufficed to make good the walls and to finish the platform. Not a pipe was removed, and as far as memory serves us, the organ was played as usual on the following Sunday, the lowering having been done on Saturday afternoon.

We need not enter into reasons which led us to adopt this method of procedure. It was perfectly successful, and we were able to avoid what we fear would otherwise have been serious trouble to us.

The Month's Obituary.

MR. HENRY HERSEE, who died towards the end of May, after a long illness, was a well-known figure in the musical world. He did some good work in the adaptation of foreign *libretti*, and wrote the original “book” for Mr. Cowen's opera, *Pauline*, played twenty years ago by the Carl Rosa Company at the Lyceum. He was musical critic on several newspapers—indeed, we believe he acted for four journals at one time. The *Globe* and the *Observer* work taxed him heavily. He resided at Lee, some seven or eight miles east of London, and on the occasion of a new opera or an important concert, was obliged on reaching home about midnight, to write his notice for the *Globe* and thrust it under the street door, where the MS. was picked up at six or seven o'clock and sent off to the Strand by express. Saturday nights were an “exercise.” The Sunday newspapers had to be supplied, and Hersee used to write at the *Observer* office and then take a cab to Lee! Yet, in summer time, reaching his home at say three in the morning, he would go into the garden and have an early breakfast upon such fruit as was in season. Latterly arrangements were made to provide a bed for the exhausted critic at the *Observer* office. Latterly, too, Hersee had to be pensioned off, owing to a failure of memory, which made him commit mistakes not usually charged to critics. He was succeeded by Mr. E. F. Jacques, the present editor of the *Musical Times*, and formerly editor of the defunct *Musical World*. Mr. Hersee was a charming companion and a kind friend. Madame Rose Hersee, the accomplished vocalist and *prima donna*, is his daughter.

The death at Bergamo, at the age of sixty-eight, of the cele-

brated Italian operatic composer, ANTONIO CAGNONI, will recall to middle-aged frequenters of the opera an extraordinary evening which they spent at Covent Garden Theatre during the height of the season of 1869. The *Daily News* gives some interesting particulars of the affair. Cagnoni had composed for his friend the buffo, Signor Bottero, a two-act opera buffa, entitled, *Don Bucefalo*, and on this piece, curiously enough, the composer's fame still chiefly rests in his own country. Don Bucefalo is supposed to be an amateur musician, and for something like three-quarters of an hour in the second act Signor Bottero treated the audience of the Royal Italian Opera to a sort of minor concert, during which the Don was supposed to be in the throes of composition. Piece after piece did he play—for Signor Bottero greatly fancied himself as a pianist—the wearied audience meanwhile comforting themselves either by talking loudly, or by strolling in the corridors. But when, at the end of that which seemed likely to prove an interminable pianoforte recital, Signor Bottero came down to the footlights, borrowed a fiddle from Mr. Carrodus, and began to play the violin, there were loud cries from all parts of the house, and the fate of the opera was sealed. Cagnoni composed no fewer than seventeen operas for Italy, the latest being one on the subject of Francesca de Rimini, produced in 1878. In that year he retired to Novara, and subsequently to Bergamo, where as organist he was the successor of Ponchielli and of Donizetti's teacher, Simon Mayr.

The deaths of Madame Schumann and F. N. Crouch, the composer of “Kathleen Mavourneen,” are dealt with in separate notices.


Selected Subjects.

DE RESZKE'S ADVICE TO VOCALISTS.

ART is not a trade, says Jean de Reszke in answer to a request for advice to vocal students. One cannot learn to sing unless from early youth one has shown innate musical aptitude, a correct ear and a natural comprehension of rhythm. Taste, style, and sentiment will come later by the force of work, observation, love of the beautiful. But in order to become a singer, one must have been a singer from the cradle. If, therefore, you have not always been able to sing, do not tempt fate on the lyric stage. This is my first piece of advice. Moreover, do not fancy that your career is a road strewn with roses. It is far from that. Aside from the inevitable troubles and uncertainties of your débüt, you will find that the farther you advance in your career the more trouble you will have, and this will be because you yourself have come to have a better idea of what art demands, and a more perfect understanding of your responsibility toward the public. Thus you are fated to be always dissatisfied with your own work. And so it is that in trying to climb higher and higher, you may fall and break your neck. I do not say all this to discourage students who feel an irresistible attraction for the stage, and who are strong enough to struggle successfully against the numerous difficulties that beset them. I say it for the benefit of weaker vessels, to whom I think it well to recall the words in the Bible: "Many are called, but few chosen." To sum up my convictions and artistic aspirations, let me say this: Study words, in order that you may enunciate them intelligently. The singer that does not articulate clearly, shows that he distrusts himself. Exercise your heart. Suffer. Put yourself in the place of the characters whose woes you sing; weep with them in their sorrows in private before you communicate them to the public. Strive ever to move your hearers—not to astonish them. It is to the heart, which is the basis of humanity, that you should first appeal, and only after that to the ear.

BERLIOZ BACKED UP.

If we have the bane, it is but right that we have the antidote. How Mr. Corder has pricked the Berlioz bubble may be seen in another column; how Mr. E. Silas goes for the iconoclastic Corder will be seen here. Mr. Silas says it has been his unfortunate fate during nearly the whole of his life to read judgments on musicians, the majority of which were totally devoid of impartiality. Many critics seem to have a sort of *hobby-fetich*, which is talked or written up with much exaggeration, at the expense of a host of victims who are talked or written down in proportion. The critics do not even have the modesty to say, "This is our humble opinion"; they lay down the law, believing that thereby every other opinion is silenced. As in religion and in politics, the fanatics in art are *intolerant*, and have not a good word for those who don't belong to the apostles of their special hobby-creed. Mr. Corder, without disguise, tries to crush Berlioz in order to glorify Wagner. It would be childish to discuss whether Berlioz was a genius or not; this has been settled long ago, and by people who are at least as good judges as Mr. Corder. It is, of course, much easier to write Berlioz's music down than to write music like Berlioz. We all know with what contempt the Wagnerians treat Handel, Bach, Haydn, and Mendelssohn. They forget that in less than a hundred years Wagner will become just as old-fashioned and more *bubbly*. Nothing lasts, and in the evolution of all that belongs to mind and matter, everything must yield in time its place to something else. Man, in his conceit, thinks his own preferences must out-live all others, but, after he is gone, his successors only laugh at him. The circumstances of Berlioz's private life introduced by Mr. Corder have nothing to do with his works. Mr. Corder will take good care not to touch upon those of Wagner, which are far from edifying. Bravo! Mr. Silas. That last little touch is excel-

lent. Mr. Silas, it may just be added, was a personal friend of Berlioz.

ABOUT A FAMOUS HYMN.

It is curious how one comes upon interesting facts in out-of-the-way places. In search of some Browning lore, a correspondent of a contemporary was reading the other day, "The Centenary History of the South Place Society," by Mr. Moncure D. Conway, a well-known American man of letters. It was Mr. Fox, one of the ministers of South Place, who practically discovered Browning and proclaimed him as a new poet. Of course that does not interest us greatly here. But Browning, as we now learn, was a friend of Sarah Flower, who was also closely associated with that same South Place Chapel, and wrote for it the famous hymn, "Nearer, my God, to Thee." Now note this interesting fact: the hymn was written in a mood of great mental anguish caused by the author's crumbling faith in the inerrancy of the Scriptures; and it was Browning's "Pauline" that led to the doubt. Sarah Flower was shocked at the views expressed by the poet about the Bible, and determined to answer them; but it was, she says, "in answering Robert Browning that my mind refused to bring forward argument, turned recreant, and sided with the enemy." Sarah Flower had a sister, Eliza, who was not unknown in her day as a musician, and who indeed still lives as the composer of that simple little air, "Now pray we for our country." Mr. Conway's tribute to the sisters, and the story of their relation to Browning and other notable men and women, is very interesting. Some passages in "Pauline," he thinks, were inspired by Eliza. In the year before her death from consumption (1846), Browning wrote to her: "I never had another feeling than entire admiration for your music—entire admiration. I put it apart from all other English music I know, and fully believe in it as the music we all waited for." The two sisters, "with voices mated like their souls," sang in the choir at South Place. When Mendelssohn came to England, he made the acquaintance of the girls, and recognised Eliza's genius.

WHAT STREET MUSICIANS EARN.

In an article in the June *Nineteenth Century*, Mr. Cuthbert Hadden gives some surprising facts about the earnings of street musicians. There is a well-authenticated case of an Italian organ-grinder living in retirement on an estate in his native land, which he had purchased with his savings in England. There is at present living in the south of London an organ-grinder who keeps a fairly large house for his wife and family, and pays a servant to do the house-work, all out of his "professional" earnings! Every Sunday he takes a run down to some health resort, indulges in the finest cigars, and lives luxuriously at one of the best hotels in the place. One man who works from ten in the morning till twelve at night admits that he makes on an average about £5 a week. He reckons to earn a hundred pennies during the day, and generally manages to do it, and another hundred at night by what he calls "a quick buzz round." Very few organ-grinders make less than thirty shillings a week, and a fair average is ten shillings more. Nor is it the organ-grinder only who does well in this street business. Some itinerant vocalists will make as much as £5 a week. There was lately living a blind singer who owned a row of twenty cottages, all purchased from his earnings on the street! We wish there were some exaggeration in these statements. It is particularly annoying to think that these pests of the street, after making it more difficult for the brain-worker to earn a living, actually smoke expensive cigars and have their nice little weekly trips to the seaside.

FOR LEFT-HANDED MUSICIANS.

Violins are adapted for the use of left-handed players by reversing the order of the strings, and the location of the bass bar

and sounding-post. Some left-handed violinists, however, play upon instruments with the strings arranged in the usual manner. Guitars are made left-handed simply by reversing the strings. With the banjo it is necessary also to change the form of the neck on account of the short string. Left-handed flutes are made, the location of the keyholes and keys being changed to the opposite

side of the flute. There are made left-handed cornets, and occasionally a larger brass instrument, which are so constructed as to bring the pistons as convenient to the player as they are to the right-handed player in the instrument as ordinarily made. The proportion of musical instruments made left-handed is extremely small—very much less than one cent.

Three Emotional Composers : Berlioz, Wagner, Liszt.

MR. FREDERICK CORDER has generally something fresh to say, and he says it in a way which is all his own. His recent lectures at the Royal Institution were quite different from the kind of thing one usually gets at that time-honoured institution. For Mr. Corder had undertaken to prick the Berlioz bubble, and he did it with infinite glee, and in a way which will assuredly make the Berlioz enthusiasts "sit up." Ferdinand Hiller, Mr. Corder's old master, and an intimate friend of Berlioz, used to instance the composer as one of those who acquired music somewhat late in life, and such men, Hiller would say, always write ugly, uncomfortable music. In Mr. Corder's opinion any composer who finds the technique of his art a stumbling-block in his path is not likely to do good work at all. Berlioz was a hopeless dunce in his classes, and never succeeded in harmony or counterpoint, or in learning to play either the piano or violin the least little bit. As might be expected, there is an appalling amount of bad grammar in his compositions, which all his native ingenuity and wide experience could not overcome.

A peculiar light is needed to make manifest the portrait of the composer left by him in his autobiography and letters—the light of truth. Mr. Corder is really grieved to say, that Berlioz was of so hysterical and theatrical a nature that he could not narrate the simplest incident without distorting it, and adding the most picturesque comedy dialogue to it. So you have to read very much between the lines to get at Berlioz's facts, and to take his portrait right through two stout cloth-bound volumes crammed with fibs—amusing and delightful fibs, perfectly transparent to the X rays of human intelligence. The most obvious and characteristic trait of Berlioz was one not at all uncommon in clever and conceited persons—a mania for contradiction. His father, a worthy but ordinary medical man, never seemed to realize that it is quite easy to manage such a nature in the same way as one drives a pig—by pulling him towards Cork when you want him to go to Dublin. Hector was desired to study medicine, and on that account he persisted in cultivating music. He wrote wild and worthless compositions and tried to enter the Paris Conservatoire. There was an explosion at home. Berlioz went his own way, but bitterly complained that he had now to earn his own living. He studied first with Lesueur and then with Reicha, both scholarly but severe men; consequently he took a violent hatred to counterpoint and fugue. He was not taught instrumentation, consequently he devoted his entire powers to mastering it. Haydn and Mozart were crammed down his throat; consequently he cared little for them, and went mad over Gluck.

His absurd infatuation for Miss Smithson, the English actress, was referred to by Mr. Corder as another instance of Berlioz's perversity. When the company of which the lady was a member left Paris, he composed under his emotional stress the "Symphonie Fantastique," and then promptly forgot all about the charmer in a fresh amour—a comedy one this time. "Miss Smithson was an ordinary woman," wrote Berlioz to a friend, "quite incapable of imagining such a noble feeling as that with which he had honoured her. He pitied her and despised her! At length Berlioz, after four defeats, won the Prix de Rome. So absorbed was he in his

love affairs he could hardly be induced to accept the conditions and pursue his studies in Italy. After three weeks news came from Paris that the fair one had jilted him. It will be remembered how Berlioz made a theatrical display on learning this; how he, with bottles of poison and revolvers, set out in hot haste for Paris, and penned that famous note on the unfinished score, on which he was then engaged. When he had reached Nice he repented his action, and found that lolling on the shores of the Mediterranean was much more to his taste than even amateur histrionics. He did little work while in Italy, and had the impudence to send up a movement of a Mass written some years before as the composition he was bound to send each year to show his progress.

When he returned to Paris the English troupe were again there. He decided that this was Fate, and recommenced his love affair with Miss Smithson exactly where he had left off. She did not attract the public as before, and was penniless and heavily in debt. To add to this she broke her leg in stepping from a carriage. Blank ruin stared her in the face, and her mother and sister persuaded her to accept Berlioz. Miss Smithson made him a good wife, and their happiness lasted for some seven or eight years. Berlioz admits giving his wife cause for jealousy, and an amicable separation was agreed upon. To Berlioz's credit it should be said that he was kind to his wife and let her want for nothing till she died fourteen years later. Shortly after her death he married again, this time an opera singer and a bad one. The most preposterous love affair is narrated in the last chapter of his Memoirs. A lady six years his senior had made an impression upon his susceptible heart when he was twelve; he never met her again until fifty years later, when he must needs make love to this aged granny of seventy. Mr. Corder thinks the story reads like a chapter out of a sentimental novel just put in to serve as an interesting climax to his book. As Hiller used to say, "He ver always *poseur*—what you call show-off."

And as in life so in art. He could not play or extemporise, he could not write a sonata or quartet, but he must have thirty staves at least on his score paper and a gigantic idea to illustrate before genius would consent to burn. He took music entirely from the intellectual and dramatic side, consequently his compositions never tried to be merely beautiful and artistic, but only picturesque and illustrative of some poetic or dramatic idea. This would be legitimate enough, but one always feels a little suspicious of his good faith; he is seldom truly in earnest. Even his strongest talent—instrumentation—confirms this view. He seems perpetually saying to himself, not "how shall I work out or harmonize this theme to enhance its beauties?" but "how shall I astonish my audience next?" It may be very ingenious to imitate thunder by means of four pairs of kettledrums, to put brass bands in all the corners of the hall, in short, to use all instruments for the purpose of getting new effects of colour, but if there is no musical interest to be set off by this colouring, his work can only suggest a painter's palette rather than a picture.

His three operas have several times been revived of late years, but have always failed to hold the stage; his three symphonies are occasionally played by conductors to show off the powers

of their orchestras, but they have never become popular ; his choral works are deadly dull, with the exception of *Faust* and even this, while possessing some brilliant numbers, also contains—in the last portion especially—some terribly laboured stuff. Berlioz continually complains of his difficulty in writing for newspapers, and he said that musical composition, on the other hand, came easy to him. He is always telling how he conceived this or that of his works, and scribbled it on the back of an old envelope in about five minutes, whereas the truth is that one and all of his compositions were hammered and chiselled and remoulded and worked at with even more than Beethoven's laborious toil. How else explain the fact that they are so few in number, and that even those that are published have all made their first appearance in another form ? Nearly every number of *Faust* is a hash-up of old pieces, the transcription of the celebrated Racoczy march being added to brighten up the whole. *Lelio* is the most unconscionable *pasticcio* of old studio sweepings, and even the "Symphonie Fantastique" had its romantic story invented in order to chain together such incongruous pieces as a ball scene, a pastoral, a march to the scaffold, and a witches' Sabbath. Wagner wrote strongly to Liszt on the subject of Berlioz perpetually dishing up his old failures. "Has he not developed in the meantime," asks Wagner, "so that he might do something quite different ? It shows poor confidence in himself to have to return to these early works." As regards Berlioz's hatred of journalism, it was just in his character to hate what he really had a talent for. That he was no poet is painfully apparent in the libretto of his *Faust* but as a writer of witty and sprightly *éveillons* he was in his element.

Dealing with Wagner in his second lecture, Mr. Corder said he did not think that his writings, which were no vainglorious boastings like the Memoirs of Berlioz, but earnest essays on art questions, would ever be widely read. The matters they debate have long been settled, simply by the acceptance of Wagner's music dramas, and the literary style is, to speak the truth, turgid and ponderous. They served their purpose at the time they were written by goading Wagner's enemies to such a pitch of frenzy that the whole world was forced to take an interest in the wild warfare that has hardly yet died out. He has been described as the "best abused man in Europe," and this is no exaggeration. From the *Tannhäuser* Overture down to *Parsifal* his critics denied all merit of whatever kind to his music, to his dramas, to his verse, to his performers, to his audience, and to his friends. Mr. Corder thinks that one great reason lay in the startling novelty of Wagner's works combined with their dramatic intensity. These two qualities enable him to appeal successfully to the general audience which has no critical faculty, no prejudice, and no technical knowledge. On the other hand, critics with definite artistic principles, different to his, feel themselves insulted and outraged by his bold flouting of their cherished traditions. Well, the battle was fought, with the inevitable result. The critics did not consciously alter their views, but time familiarized them with the new principles ; the older conservatives died off, and the younger ones found their opinions mellowed by age till now only one or two of the oldest still protest and snarl, and these only in order to give point to their praise of some second-rate nonentity of the day.

One of the charges most frequently made against Wagner by his enemies, the critics, was that he despised melody. All new great composers, without exception, have been blamed at first for

their lack of melody by those unreflecting individuals who, failing to grasp a novel melody, attribute this failure to the composer instead of the hearer : Handel, Mozart, Gounod, Arthur Sullivan, —all in turn have been called unmelodious. But Wagner was accused of actual hostility to and contempt for melody ; indeed, the foolish assertion is credited even in the present day. It was, of course, a perversion of his condemnation of that conventional form of opera which consists of a string of separate numbers like a concert programme. In the *Nibelungen* and *Tristan* he commenced to use an imitation of Scandinavian alliterative verse. This verse required to be set to melody of indefinite outline, what is called "arioso" by the Italians, and "melos" by the Germans, consequently the musical texture gets more and more homogeneous until very quickly an entirely new form of musical art is evolved—a continuous polyphonic web in the orchestra of indefinite elasticity as to duration and character, while the voice parts deliver the text in a free declamation which is indeed like glorified speech. The melodies are in each succeeding work more and more glowing and intense in character—but, necessarily, more and more indefinite. Most people only know a melody as such by the high note and cadence at the end ; lop this off and they declare it to be no tune at all. Now in a music-drama where continuity is everything there can be no endings to the tunes. Wagner's recognition of this fact marks the great change from his first to his second period. Most curious it is to compare *Lohengrin*, where a big cadence comes at the end of nearly every speech, with *Tristan* ten years later, where there are only three full closes, one at the end of each act. As a matter of fact, Wagner's later works are a glowing flood of melodious phrases poured forth with inexhaustible fertility, and absolutely controlled by the demands of the drama which the music illustrates. They will be admired more and more as time goes on ; possibly they will suffer temporary eclipse, but they can never sink into oblivion while any art-worshippers exist.

Mr. Corder's last lecture dealt with Liszt, but there was nothing particularly striking about it. Only towards the close did the lecturer venture on anything like criticism, and then it was to declare that as a composer Liszt does not take Mr. Corder's fancy. "There is," said he, "not one of his three hundred or more works unknown to me ; most are very familiar indeed, so that I am in a position to speak with some authority upon the subject. From first to last Liszt consistently adhered to one method of composition, a method which had at least the merit of entire originality, but which has found few followers. His plan—suggested, I fancy, by his improvisatory powers—was to take a short but powerful phrase, and by means of the device called 'metamorphosis'—alteration of the relative lengths of the notes—convert it into other phrases of widely different character. This idea was also used by Schumann (Pianoforte Concerto and Carnival), and largely by Wagner, but Liszt employed it quite differently to any one else. His compositions may be said to be all in variation form, the metamorphosed phrase always standing out apart from the context. This inability to make it throw out branches and continue itself is the one serious weakness in all Liszt's original work. The foundation phrase is often extremely striking, but it never develops, is only varied by accompaniments of infinite ingenuity, and after several repetitions all that follows is a *cadenza*, a change of key, and a fresh start."

Accidentals.

DRS. HOPKINS and Bridge and Sir Walter Parratt are to assist the Liverpool Corporation in selecting a successor to Mr. Best. Fancy Dr. Hopkins being set to "examine," say, Dr. Peace! Meantime, the organ in St. George's Hall is to be cleaned, etc.

Notwithstanding the enormous popularity of Wagner's music-dramas in Berlin, the composer has as yet no statue in the capital. An enthusiastic admirer desires to remove this reproach, and has presented to the municipality a sum of £350 as the nucleus of a fund for the erection of a statue. Unfortunately the Berliners are not very responsive in such matters.

The city of Hamburg has decided to grant a subvention of £1,000 yearly for five years to the Hamburg Musical Society on condition of its giving at least five concerts annually, out of the total number, with a charge of 6d. for admission. Is it vain to hope that one day some English town will follow this example?

Mr. Frederick Corder has produced a big book on "The Orchestra and How to Write for It." He is courageous enough to

write the real notes for the transposing instruments, in order to simplify matters for the inexperienced.

Mr. J. K. Jerome says that German bands are composed of unmusical persons who have been compelled to fly from their native country to escape being slaughtered by their infuriated compatriots.

In Italy a *prima donna* costs £200 a month; here she costs £200 a night. In Italy the first violin in the opera band has seven francs a night; here he has four guineas. The orchestra costs as much in a night here as it does in a month in Italy. All which is meant to show that we can't have opera so cheap here as they have it in Italy.

At the church of St. Mary-at-Hill, Eastcheap, in the very heart of the city proper, there are orchestral performances every Sunday evening, the Rector himself playing the *trombone*!

During their next season the Queen's Hall Choral Society propose reviving Saint-Saëns' *Samson et Delilah*, which was performed a few years ago at a Covent Garden concert.

New York Letter.

THE attempt of Anton Seidl with his incomparable orchestra to establish a series of promenade concerts each evening during the spring season has proved unsuccessful, and the concerts have been discontinued. It proves that we take our pleasures as seriously as we take everything else; it seems almost an impossibility for Americans to enjoy pleasure for the sake of pleasure itself. We need not so much to be amused as to know how to enjoy being amused. There is a great field for the teacher who can teach us that—fame and fortune await the man or woman who can teach that most difficult science. And if we are to be taught, which nation shall it be that shall teach us how to enjoy ourselves? Shall it be the Germans, with their beer and stolidity, the French with their wine and life on the Boulevards, the Spaniards with their bull fights, the Austrians with their "wine, women, and song," or the Italians with their carnivals made exciting by the play of stilettos? Rather let us not enjoy ourselves at all if we must amuse ourselves after the manner of these people.

These popular concerts were held in the Metropolitan Opera House, the programmes were arranged to meet the most diversified tastes, the music was performed in the most finished manner, and yet for the simple reason that there were other attractions, the people did not take to the concerts, and they had to die a natural death. They were supposed to be promenade concerts, and a place was prepared for the people to walk around in, yet only a handful had the courage to promenade while the rest occupied the seats. The concerts had one result—they were an object-lesson in showing the tastes and prejudices of the amusement-going public.

The Italian opera troupe returned to New York for a term of two weeks after a season extending to the large cities of the country. As the city was suffering from a sudden hot spell the attendance was not all that could be desired, yet many were there to see their old favourites and bid them an *au revoir* before they took their flight across the seas. These annual leave-takings of the song birds are becoming quite a public function, the piers and steamers being crowded with a gay throng whose bright colours of spring apparel give a brilliancy to the scene, which once seen, is seldom forgotten.

The sudden advent of the extremely warm weather has had a most depressing effect on all musical enterprises, so that the season ended most abruptly. Yet the plans for the next season are already being formed, and in some cases are already completed. The impresarios, the managers and the agents have gone, or are about to go, to Europe in quest of attractions to fill our play-houses next winter, and in so doing fill their own pockets. The Italian

Opera Company, under Abbey and Grau, is coming back with nearly all the leading artists, and a number of new stars are promised; yet we have learned not to put our trust in opera-managers to the extent of believing all that they promise. They do the best they can, and we have acquired the habit of overlooking their non-fulfilment of promises. The German Opera Company, under Walter Damrosch, is promising on an extensive scale also, but we merely look upon it as very pretty reading.

Abbey and Damrosch have formed a combination to the extent of dividing the larger cities of the country between themselves, as it is generally found that the second company to reach one of these towns play to a poor house. This concession on the part of Abbey, who heretofore has had the entire field to himself, is most flattering testimony to the success which Damrosch has met with in his efforts to give the very highest standard in his interpretation and presentation of German operas. It certainly was a brave undertaking on his part to enter the opera field in competition with the combined forces of the Italian opera, and that he has succeeded so well is greatly to his credit.

The twelfth biennial May Festival at Cincinnati, Ohio, closed with the performance of Beethoven's Choral Symphony, Mr. Thomas conducting. These festivals at Cincinnati share with those at Worcester, Mass., which are held in the fall of the year, as being the finest specimens of chorus work, done on a large scale, in this country. The best soloists are secured, as the names of Nordica, Klafsky, and Brema will testify; a full orchestra accompanies the chorus work as well as rendering programmes of classical music; the most prominent conductors take charge of the festivals, and in every way the interest of the city and surrounding towns is aroused and maintained. That they do great work in educating the masses, especially in giving them an opportunity to hear the choruses of the great masters, goes without saying.

One cannot help but regret, though, that these two organizations, the best in the country, do not make attempts to secure some original works to be given at each Festival. There are composers living surely who can write such works. They have the whole world to select from, and it seems as if Brahms, Bruch, Dvorak, or others could be prevailed upon to write for them. Even if the world of music were only enriched with one masterpiece in a dozen years, it would be so much the better off. When one remembers how much the Birmingham Festivals have done in bringing out new works, it seems a pity not to make at least an attempt in this country to follow where she has no nobly led.

IN SLOW.

The Academies.

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LONDON ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

THE annual Orchestral Concert given by the professional students of the London Academy took place on Friday afternoon, May 22, at St. James's Hall, under the able direction of Mr. A. Pollitzer. The orchestra, conducted by Mr. Pollitzer, played the overture to *Oberon* (Weber), Symphony in D (Beethoven), Spinning Chorus from Wagner's *Flying Dutchman*, and the March from *Le Prophète* (Meyerbeer), the two first getting splendid treatment at the hands of an efficient orchestra, the light, joyous style of the *Oberon* overture contrasting beautifully with the more staid yet grand Beethoven Symphony.

Although, as yet, I have confined myself to the orchestra, it is not because it was the most successful portion of a long and varied programme. The songs were all, I am sure, given in a very creditable manner. The ladies coming conspicuously to the front, especially Miss Mabel Calkin in "Ombra leggiera" (*Dinorah*), by Meyerbeer, the execution of which was remarkably neat, though extremely difficult. Miss Jennie Higgs (in "Hear ye, Israel," from Mendelssohn's *Elijah*), Miss Edith Serpell and Miss Alice Sinclair showed signs of excellent training. The violinists, Maurice Alexander and Miss Fanny Darling-Jacobs, and the pianists, Miss Edith Varley and Miss Maude Smithers, all young artists, added still greater vitality to the afternoon's proceedings.

ROYAL COLLEGE OF MUSIC.

The conclusion of the eleventh examination for certificate of proficiency, bearing with it the title of Associate of the Royal College of Music (A.R.C.M.), took place on April 25 last, at the above College. The examiners were:—

Dr. C. H. H. Parry, Oscar Berringer, W. H. Cummings, Eaton Fanning, Josef Ludwig, Dr. G. C. Martin, Dr. J. F. Bridge, E. Dannreuther, J. Egerton, R. Gompertz, J. Higgs, W. S. Hoyte, Dr. Walter Parratt, A. Randegger, H. F. Sharp, Dr. C. V. Stanford, Franklin Taylor, John Thomas, Albert Visetti, and W. E. Whitehouse.

Out of the one hundred and eighty-eight candidates who were examined, the following were passed by the examiners, having obtained the requisite number of marks:—

THEORY.—J. H. Bridger, K. M. Everett, and H. W. Weston.

COMPOSITION.—J. W. Ivimey.

PIANOFORTE (Solo Performance).—Gertrude D. Allen, Bertha Broadhurst, Eleanor J. C. Davis, Katherine M. Everett, Madam. Eleonor Frisk, Mrs. E. S. Halkett, E. Howard Jones, Evelyn G. King, Charles H. A. Mann, Effie Smith, and Gwendoline Walker.

PIANOFORTE (Teaching).—Mary C. Alment, Evelyn F. Baird, Alice E. Barnby, Arthur Bayliss, John H. Bridger, Alice M. Bulleid, Edith A. Capes, Rosetta J. Chapman, Herbert Codd, Eva C. Court, Ella L. Compère, Annie E. Crouch, Eleanor J. C. Davis, Grace E. Davis, Eleanor S. Deane, Alice S. De Veulle, Isabel A. Dove, Lily C. Fell, Helen Fielden, Edith E. B. Foster, Mary J. Gordon, Charles R. Girardot, Grace E. Harris, Marion Harrison, Mabel Hills, Marie T. Hinde, Rachel M. A. Hutchinson, John N. Ireland, Margaret I. Jones, Lilla M. Kent, Ethel M. La Thangue, Blanche Limebeer, James H. A. McMenemin, Janet A. McNair, Charles H. A. Mann, Carlton W. Mason, Violet Overton, Dora L. Owen, Berthe M. A. Paulus, Edith M. Peachy, Annie Pitman, Edith R. Plant, Edith M. Proudlock, Mrs. Agnes K. Punshon, Anna F. Rhind, Mary J. Richardson, Frederick R. Rickman, Mary Saxby, Mary I. Tanner, Dora Taylor, Helen Taylor, Edith E. Tebbutt, Edith M. Wallace, Gertrude Watson, Ewart G. West, Beatrice Whicker, Alice Wilden, Grace H. Wood, Harry Woodward, and Florence Wright.

SINGING (Solo Performance).—Florence H. Buckley, Jane S. Dempster, Mary M. Fraser, Robert Hall, Clara L. Harding, Agnes J. Jackson, Helen L. Jackson, Alice Oakeshott, G. Ruby, M. Shaw, and Oliver Tristram.

ORGAN.—Arthur H. Baker, John C. Bradshaw, Herbert W. Chuter, Harriet C. Dixon, Charles H. Duffield, Thomas Keighley, Herbert Sanders, and Harry M. Sheaves.

VIOLIN.—William Ackroyd, Katherine M. Baker, and Thomas Jeavans.

VIOLA.—Gwynne Kimpton.

CLARINET.—Robert Smith (Junior).

TRINITY COLLEGE, LONDON.

The students of the above College gave an Orchestral Concert at Queen's Hall on Monday evening, June 8. The orchestra,—which played Wagner's *Die Meistersinger*, the overture to Sullivan's *Di Ballo*, and a Suite for Orchestra in manuscript, consisting of a Scherzo, Elegie, and Tarantelle, by A. W. Ketèbey,—was conducted by Mr. F. Corder, considering its small proportions, got through its work very creditably. Miss Janie Bridges (Scholar) proved herself to be the best vocalist of the evening, closely followed by Miss Alice McFarlane (Exhibitioner), and Miss Grosvenor Gooch. If Mr. Ernest A. Thiel had sung something really worth listening to, instead of the absurdity which he gave, and Miss Bessie Pridham had not had the misfortune to sing so out of tune, both might have scored better than they did. The pianists, Miss Marion Clapton, Miss Maud Agnes Winter (Scholar), and Mr. Frederick Peachey, all of whom acquitted themselves wonderfully well. Mr. C. S. Fenigstein gave a very good rendering of Wieniawski's "Polonaise Brillante" (Op. 21), for violin and orchestra; while Miss Florence Brotherhood gave a passable performance of the *Allegro* from Mendelssohn's E Minor Concerto for violin. A 'cello solo was given by Miss E. J. Evans, and an organ solo by Miss Edith Idle.

LONDON COLLEGE OF MUSIC.

On June 25 a concert was given in the large Hall of the College, the programme including Mendelssohn's D Minor Trio; "Ciaconna," by Bach; Romance in F, by Beethoven; and a Nocturne and Mazurka, by Popper. The executants were Mr. Desider Nemes (pianist), Mr. Alfred Redhead (pianoforte), and Mr. L. Paggi (violoncello), all of whom are Professors at the College. The selections rendered appeared to be thoroughly enjoyed by the audience.

The examinations at Scotch and Irish centres commenced on June 15, with a large increase in the number of candidates, compared with previous years.

LONDON ORGAN SCHOOL.

Thursday evening, June 18, was a very enjoyable one to those whose privilege it was to attend the pianoforte recital given by Miss Charlotte Bravington, a talented student of the above school. She was assisted by Mr. I. Schwiller (violinist), Dr. H. Pudor (violoncellist), and Miss Lelia K. Smith acted as accompaniste. The programme that was so splendidly rendered was as follows:—

Trio for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello, Op. 129 ... Gurliet.
Allegro con spirito.

Andantino, quasi allegretto con variazioni.

Allegro vivace e con brio.

Pianoforte solos ... Prelude and Toccata Lachner.

Scherzetto Dubois.

Grillons et Santerelles Widor.

Etincelles Mosskowski.

Violin solo Romance in B Flat Saint-Saëns.

(With piano and organ accompaniment).

Pianoforte solos Fantasia Bach.

Etude Scotson Clark.

Prelude Chopin.

Nocturne } Chopin.

Mazurka } Chopin.

Violoncello solo Tarantelle Popper.

Pianoforte and organ Réverie ... Charlotte Bravington.

Pianoforte solos Impromptu ... Charlotte Bravington.

"Des Dichters Herz" Grieg.

"Le Rossignol" Liszt.

Two pianofortes Intermezzo Chaminade.

Thus ended one of the most delightful students' recitals it has been my good fortune to hear.

Tarantella

Introduction.

Maestoso. $\text{J.} = 96$.

PERCY E. HUGHES.

PIANO.

The sheet music consists of eight staves of musical notation for piano. The first staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp, and common time. It features a dynamic marking of *f*. The second staff begins with a bass clef, a key signature of one sharp, and common time. The third staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp, and common time. The fourth staff begins with a bass clef, a key signature of one sharp, and common time. The fifth staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp, and common time. The sixth staff begins with a bass clef, a key signature of one sharp, and common time. The seventh staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp, and common time. The eighth staff begins with a bass clef, a key signature of one sharp, and common time. The music is divided into sections by large curved brackets above the staves. The first section is labeled "Introduction. Maestoso. $\text{J.} = 96$ ". The second section is labeled "Allegro vivace. $\text{J.} = 128$ ". The music includes various dynamics such as *f*, *mf*, *ff*, and *p*, as well as performance instructions like "ta" and "*" indicating specific rhythmic patterns.

cresc. molto

f *con brio*

con fuoco

dim.

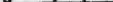
grazioso

482





Cradle Song

on a subject  by a friend

to whom it is dedicated.

*"Sleep on, my Baby, while the Hours run.
Happy may the Day be, when the Night is done."*

L. H. LEWIN.
H. OSBORN.

Sostenuto. ♩ : 50.

PIANO.

11. OSORIO.

Measures 11-15:

- Measure 11: Treble clef, 6/8 time, B-flat key signature. Dynamics: f , mp . Fingerings: 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8. Articulations: accents, slurs.
- Measure 12: Treble clef, 2/4 time, B-flat key signature. Dynamics: p , p . Fingerings: 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8. Articulations: accents, slurs.
- Measure 13: Treble clef, 2/4 time, B-flat key signature. Dynamics: p , p . Fingerings: 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8. Articulations: accents, slurs.
- Measure 14: Treble clef, 6/8 time, B-flat key signature. Dynamics: p , p . Fingerings: 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8. Articulations: accents, slurs.
- Measure 15: Treble clef, 2/4 time, B-flat key signature. Dynamics: p , p . Fingerings: 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8. Articulations: accents, slurs.

Hungarian Melody

ARRANGED BY H. OSBORN

Con brio. $\text{d} = 104$

PIANO.

p non legato

poco rit.



a tempo

fuocoso ff

Ra.

ff

p

Ra.

Ra.

ff

p e legato

Ra.

ff

Ra.

ff

Ra.

ff

Ra.

ff

Ra.

1.

rit.

L. H. sopra

2.

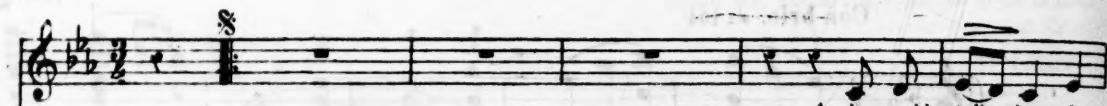


"I would tell her I Love her"

Moderato

MUSIC BY WALTER BARNETT

VOICE



1. I would tell her I
2. Hav-ing pluck'd up a

PIANO.



love her, Did I know but the way, Could my lips but dis cov - er What a
spir - it. One moon - shin - y night. Then, thought I. I'll de fer it Till to.



lov - er should say Tho' I swear to a - dore her, Ev'ry
mor - rows day - light. But a - las, the pale moon-beams, Could not



cresc. - - - - - rall. - - - - -
morn - ing I rise, Yet when once I'm be - fore her All my e - lo-quence flies.
fright - en me more, For I found by the moon-beams I was dumb as be - fore.



"Whom the Saxon made the Dead."

a tempo

O, ye gods! did ye Ev - er such a sim - ple ton - know? I'm in

love, — I'm in love, — I'm in love, and yet

ne - ver had the heart to say so; I'm in love, I'm in love, and yet

1st Verse.
ad lib.

D. S.

2nd Verse.
ad lib.

D. S.

col voce

“When the Sea gives up its Dead”

WORDS BY AUGUSTE HANCOCK

MUSIC BY HILDA WALLER, Op. 83

The “Drummond Castle” sank off Ushant, Tuesday, June 16.
Three saved out of 250.

Andante con espressione.

SONG.

PIANO.

1. When the day is slow - ly
2. Some-times pass the neighbours

dy - ing, And the light grows faint and dim, — Come the chil - dren's voi - ces
soft - ly, To the kirk - yard wend their way, — Bear - ing fra - grant wreaths of

ring - ing, As they chant the Ev - ning Hymn. — And I sit be - side the
flow - ers, Or a cross of snow-white may. — They can lin ger where the

lat - tice; Sit and dream of years long fled, Voi - ces hush'd to rest for e - ver - Till the
sha - dows Fall a - cross each qui - et bed; But the blue waves kiss my dar-lings - Till the

sonore e cresc.

con forsa e rall.

D.S. for 2nd verse. Ending of 2nd verse pp

1.2. sea gives up its dead Till the sea gives up its dead. dead. When the

cresc.

con forsa e rall.

D.S. pp

winds are blow - ing cold - ly, And the boats are on the

cresc. Agitato.

strand, When the sea is mad with pas - sion, — Dashing

high a - gainst the land, Then be - side my cot - tage

window, With the pale stars o - ver - head, Do I

con passione

pray that time may be near - er When the sea gives up its

dead, — Do I pray that time may be near - er When the

cresc.
 sea gives up its dead.
rall.
cresc.
rall. *a tempo*
 Tempo I.
 There they lie, my bonny chil - dren, Three brave
rall.
 lads, who lov'd me well, Rock'd to sleep 'neath restless wave - lets, Lull'd, per -haps, where tempests
dim.
con espressione
 swell. And I miss them-aye, God knows it- When each night my pray'r is said; But I
cresc.
pp
dolce
 know that soon to Hea -ven, Will the sea gives up its dead, But I know that soon to
cresc.
Maestoso
con forza
 Hea -ven, Will the sea give up its dead.
rall. *ff*
a tempo
ff ben marcato
rall.



Violets

WORDS BY ROBERT HERRICK

MUSIC BY HILDA WALLER

Allegretto.

VOICE.

PIANO.

a tempo

wel - come,

maids

of

bo - neur! You do bring in the spring and wait

ho - - - - - nour! You do bring in the spring and wait up -

rall.

on her. She has vir-gins man-v. fresh — and fair Yet you

14

are More sweet, more

sweet than an - y, more sweet than an -

rall.

y. You're the

maid - en pos - ies, And so graced To be

placed 'Fore the damask ro - ses Yet though thus re-spect - ed,

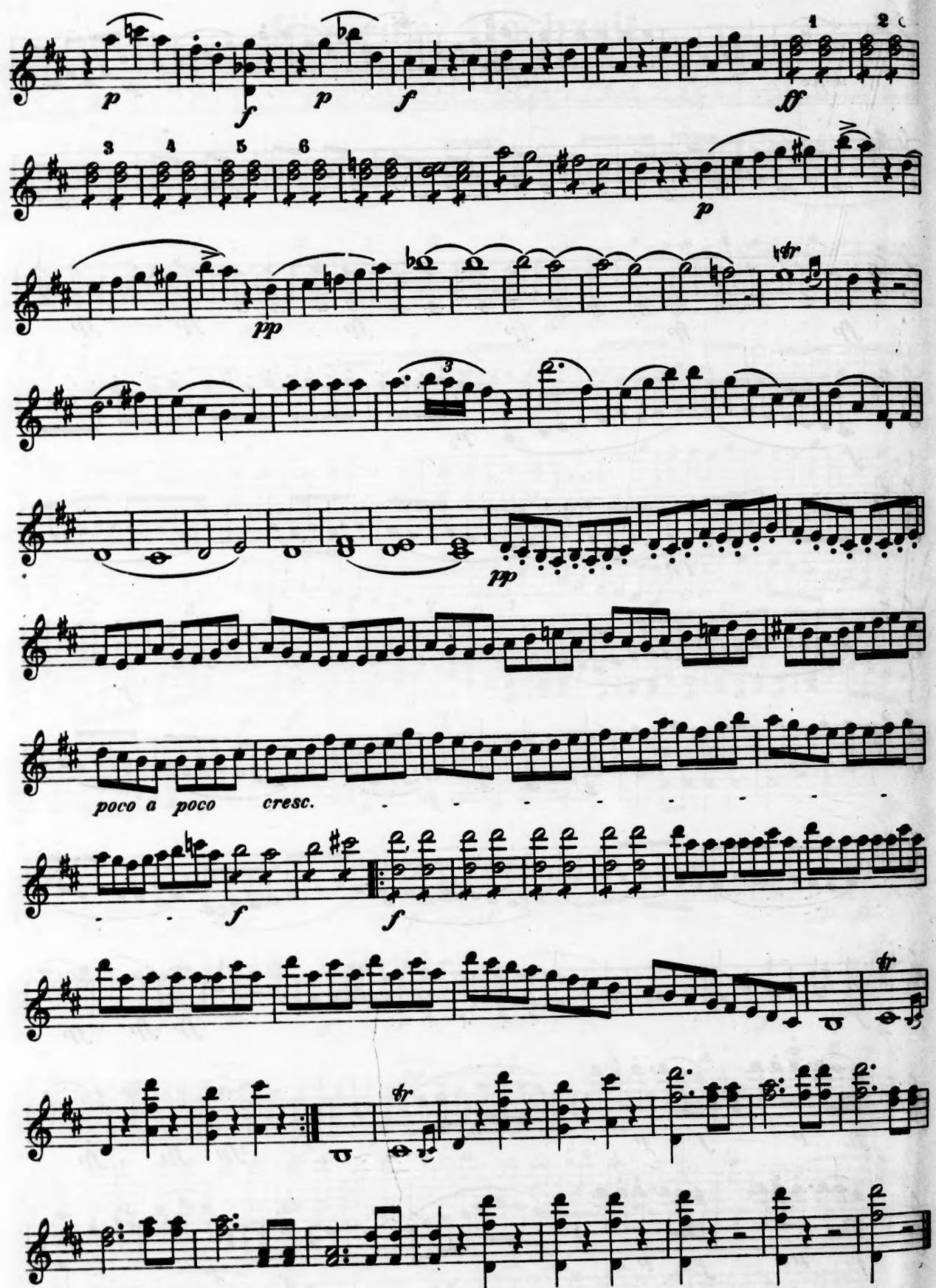
dim.
 Yet though thus re - spect - ed By and by Ye do
 lie — Poor girls, poor girls, ne - glect - .
 ed — By and by Ye do lie, ne - glect - .
 ed, ne - glect - - ed, ne -
 glect - - ed.
rall.
a tempo

Figaro's Hochzeit

Presto.







Figaro's Hochzeit

Presto.

A musical score for orchestra or band, featuring six staves of music. The key signature is A major (three sharps). The tempo is Presto. The score includes dynamic markings such as *pp*, *p*, *ff*, and *ff*. Measure numbers 497 and 498 are indicated at the bottom. The music consists of continuous eighth-note patterns with occasional sixteenth-note grace notes and rhythmic figures.



A page of musical notation for two staves, likely for piano or organ. The top staff uses a treble clef and the bottom staff uses a bass clef. The key signature changes between G major and A major. Various dynamics like *f*, *p*, *ff*, and *s* are used. Measures include sixteenth-note patterns, sustained notes, and chords.

dolce

p

dolce

f p

f p

f p





A page of handwritten musical notation for two voices and piano. The music is divided into ten staves, each consisting of five horizontal lines. The notation uses a combination of treble and bass clefs, with some staves using both. The first three staves are for the upper voice, the next three for the lower voice, and the final four are for the piano. The music includes various dynamic markings such as *f*, *p*, *pp*, *poco*, and *ff*. There are also performance instructions like *rit.* and *tempo*. The notation is highly detailed, showing specific note heads, stems, and bar lines. The paper shows signs of age and wear, particularly along the right edge.

The musical score consists of five staves of handwritten notation. The notation includes various note heads (solid, hollow, and cross), stems, and rests. There are several dynamic markings, such as 'cresc.' (crescendo) and 'dec.' (decrescendo), placed above the staves. The staves are separated by brace lines, indicating multiple voices or parts. The music is written in common time, with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The notation is dense and rhythmic, typical of early printed music notation.

